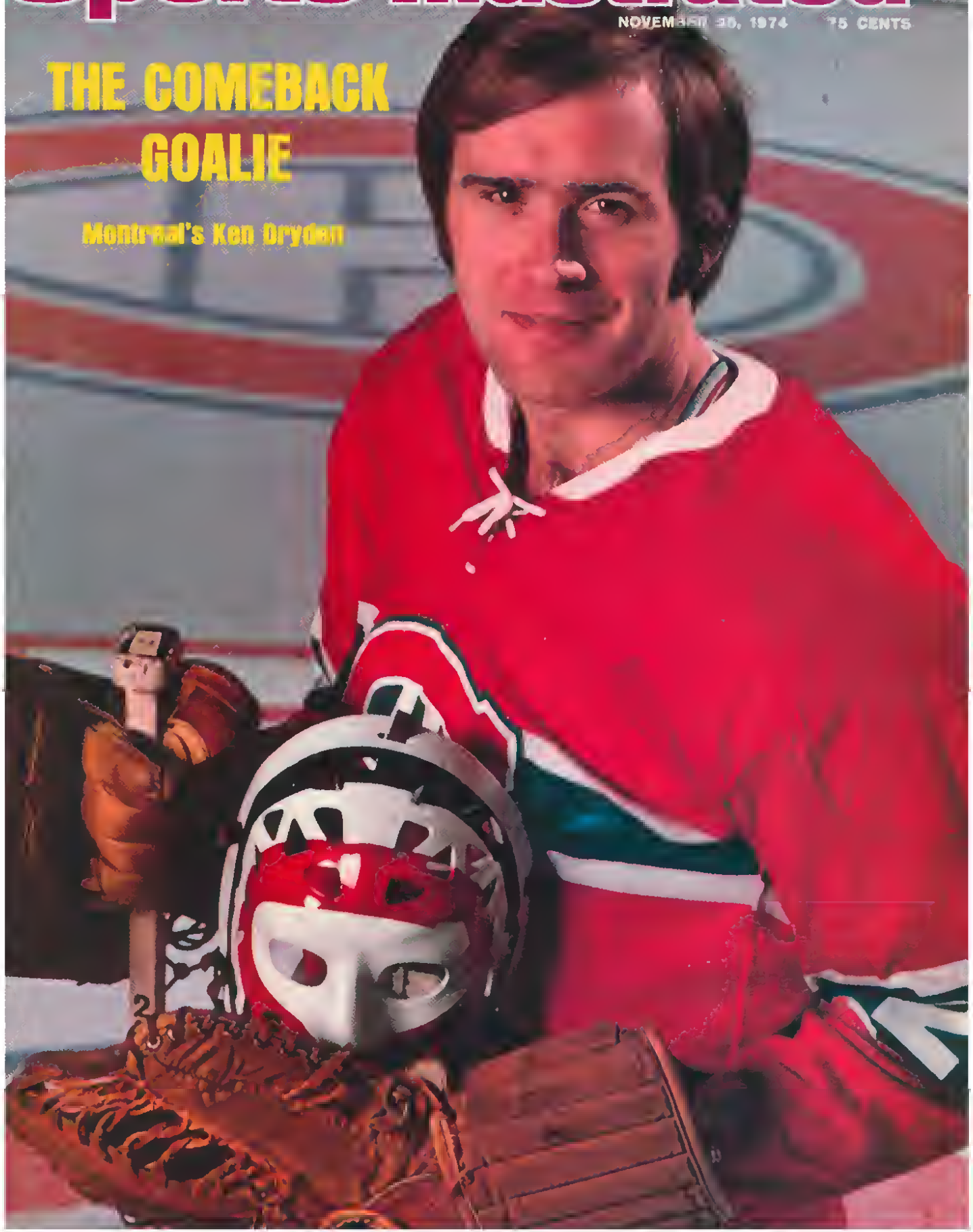
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 25, 1974 75 CENTS

THE COMEBACK GOALIE

Montreal's Ken Dryden





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

The tape recorder created by popular complaint.

A lot of people who have portable cassette tape recorders have more complaints than they have recordings.

So Panasonic listened to those complaints. And did something about them: Introducing the RQ-413S.

It has one-button recording instead of the usual "record and play" double-finger exercise most other recorders require.



The "two finger am I really recording" complaint.

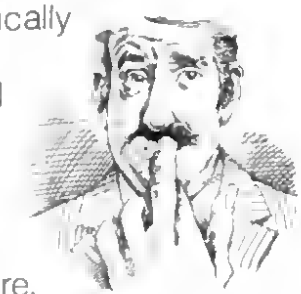
The highly sensitive condenser microphone is built in. So you never have to search for a mike. Or untangle a messy cord once you find it.



The "missing or tangled microphone" complaint.

And instead of wondering if your batteries are OK, a light-emitting diode gives you a reassuring wink to let you know there's enough power to record.

There's even continuous tone control, separate pause control, and Easy-Matic circuitry that automatically sets the right recording level.



The "I wonder if the batteries are OK" complaint.

And you won't complain about our cue and review (fast forward and rewind with sound). A digital tape counter to tell you where you are. And Auto-Stop to stop the tape at the end of the cassette, automatically.



And so you can make recordings just about anywhere, there's an AC cord, and our Hi-Top batteries. An optional rechargeable battery pack (RP-092), and an optional car adapter (RP-915) are also available.

The Panasonic RQ-413S. Created by popular complaint. So you won't have any.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT BUYING A 1975 COLOR TV WITH A 1957 PICTURE TUBE.

In 1957 color television was in its infancy.

The color image was reproduced the simplest way possible.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Dots of red, blue and green were beamed onto a neutral color background.

Images were fuzzy.

Colors looked weak, soft, dull.

There were no subtleties. An object was either too red or too yellow. There was no in-between. True flesh tones were impossible.

Amazingly, there are color TVs on the market today still using this process.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Over the years, television technology advanced.

The second generation appeared: color dots on a jet black background.

The black background made the dots "pop." The color seemed sharper, brighter.

It was a definite improvement. But there was still room for more.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Then came a breakthrough. Color stripes.

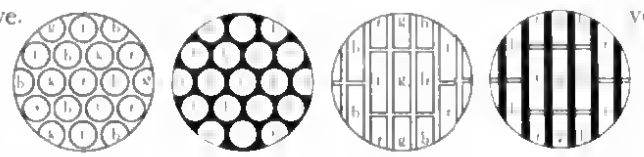
You can get an incredible amount of color into a stripe. Stripes make for a bright picture. With true-to-life color.

This is the newest method of reproducing a color TV image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA'S FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

Toshiba's fourth generation color TV combines the advantages of the previous two. The wealth of color of a stripe. Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.



1. 2. 3. 4.



Resulting in a brighter, sharper, clearer color television image than was ever possible before.

This method was invented by Toshiba. It's called BLACKSTRIPE.™

If you'd like to prove BLACKSTRIPE's superiority to yourself, get your kid's box of crayons and color in the diagram we've provided.

Toshiba BLACKSTRIPE sets are available in 9", 13", 15", and 19" screen sizes measured diagonally. Toshiba BLACKSTRIPE. 1975 color television. With a 1975 picture tube.

C-335 Manufacturer's suggested retail price $379.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. 100% solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. One button automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning. Matching swivel stand included.



C-145 Manufacturer's suggested retail price $519.95. 19" picture measured diagonally. Wide angle 110° tube. Slim chassis. 100% solid state circuitry composed of 9 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. One button automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning.

TOSHIBA

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Credits on page 141

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL gets a hearty welcome back—especially from teams not named UCLA—as a full-court press is on to tie up the national championship. Scouting reports rate the top 20 teams, with the pick for No. 1 a No. 1 surprise, and big schools and small are assessed, including one hot junior college located hard by what are termed the "world's whitest beaches." Curry Kirkpatrick completes the preview with a wacky look at a wacky conference, the WAC. In addition, the usual news and features, including Ray Kennedy's report of the Ohio State-Michigan football showdown and Dan Jenkins' analysis of the Super-hot Oakland Raiders.

WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED



Mill yards depend on Clark lift trucks



A Clark Austin-Western grader pioneers a new forest road



Clark Michigan 675 uncovers new seams of coal

Clark driverless tractor trains cut labor costs.



Clark planetary axles give Steiger tractors added drawbar pull

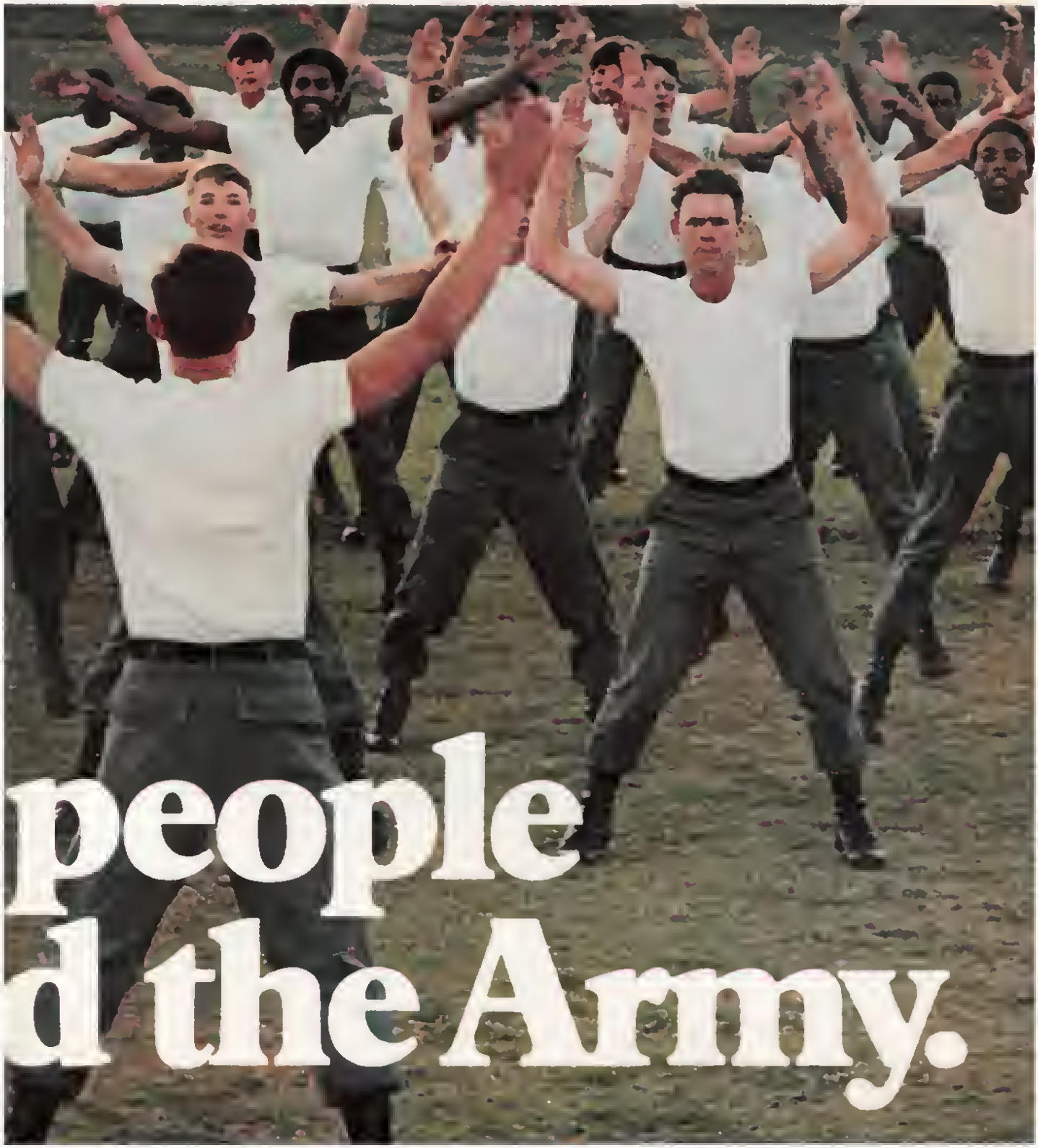


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BOOKTALK

by MARK KRAM

MAN OF THUNDER AND RAGE, WHO IS BEST SEEN FROM THE EYE OF A STORM

One never quite knew what to make of Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, the top-ranked middleweight contender of the mid-'60s. Was he a child of sorrow, a genuine victim of society—or of himself, or was he a man who would thoroughly delight in burning the cities of the world? He could be gentle and well-spoken, and in the flash of a moment a great squall of rage would blow over him. I last saw him in a courtroom, his body growing flaccid, the malevolence in his eyes less visible; he was on trial with a young friend for the murders of three whites in a Paterson, N.J. tavern.

Throughout the trial Carter insisted he was not guilty. Although no weapon was ever recovered, no motive offered or any positive identification of Carter made, he was sentenced to three life terms. He has served seven years, but now his case has been dramatically reopened with the recanting of testimony by two key witnesses. Out of it all Carter has produced a book called *The Sixteenth Round* (Viking Press, $11.95), it is a document of a life lived in the center of hell.

It begins with Carter as a member of a street gang, recounts the time his father, a preacher, turned him in for stealing T-shirts, the brutality of the police after they took him away, then the stabbing of a degenerate that sent him to Jamesburg State Home for Boys. Carter escaped from Jamesburg, joined the paratroopers and was sent to Germany.

He found boxing in the Army and would probably have made it to the Olympics if he had reenlisted. Instead he took his discharge, returned home and was promptly sent to Annandale Reformatory for having busted out of Jamesburg. After his release the urge to snatch a woman's purse and hit someone overcame him, and it was on to Trenton State Prison. There he began to think seriously of the ring. His career was launched in 1961, and it followed the classic trail of broken dreams and promises, a path charted by hot-faced bargainers and insufferable scoundrels.

As a fighter Carter was brave and cruel against some of the hardest men of his division, like Florentino Fernandez, Luis Rodriguez, Dick Tiger, Emile Griffith, when Rubin hit, the world shook. He is no different as the author of his own dreary tale. His accounts of prison life leave one in a state of revulsion, and throughout his story I could only think of a strange and not altogether ugly insect entangled by a dusty web in the corner of a huge empty house. **END**

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More than 100 Clark lift trucks work at Chicago's produce market



The "typical" American driver:



6 7" or 5 1" he can adjust his steering wheel to size (That's the long and short of comfort.)

BRAIN Cleverly suggests that he ought to *try* Tilt Wheel Steering and Tilt & Telescope Steering. So he does

NECK No need to crane if you're short The wheel adjusts *down* as easily as *up*

ARMS Assume a comfortable driving position as his .

HAND Flips a lever to move the Tilt Wheel up or down.

OTHER HAND Not to be outdone, it moves *Tilt & Telescope* Wheel up and down, *plus in and out.*

LEGS Propel FEET toward waiting salesman when demonstration is through

Whatever a driver's build, Tilt-Wheel Steering or Tilt & Telescope Steering *adjusts* to it. First, driver can move the wheel up for easy entry (or exit). Then, as often as he wants *while he drives*, he can *change* the wheel position to *his* most comfortable driving posture. Means long trips can be a lot less fatiguing. See your GM dealer for a demonstration of these easily affordable options. About 9 out of 10 people who order them once order them again.



Saginaw Steering Gear Division
General Motors Corporation

Saginaw GM

ONE NIBBLE IS NEVER ENOUGH

You should see the things people write us about Smokehouse® Almonds. A businessman from Seattle says bluntly: "These HAVE to be the best-tasting nuts available today." A lady from Southern California, on the other hand, complains that our almonds are so good they are almost habit-forming. What inspires such tributes? That tantastic, tantalizing Smokehouse® flavor? That crisp "fresh roast" quality? Try a toil pack or tin soon. See why one nibble is never enough.

Note: These are the same Blue Diamond almonds you sampled with cocktails on the airlines. More and more stores are now stocking them. Blue Diamond snack almonds are also available in four other great flavors. Roasted Salted, Onion Garlic, Barbecue and Cheese. If you can't find them in your store, please write

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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Dr. Inselberg holds a model of the inner ear whose functions he is helping to explain.

A look at the subtle workings of the inner ear

An estimated 3 million Americans suffer from what is called nerve deafness. Their hearing loss is often caused by an affliction of the inner ear—one of the most inaccessible and least understood parts of the anatomy.

The auditory part of the inner ear called the cochlea, Greek for snail because of its shape, is hidden behind the toughest bone in the body. The cochlea, in turn, houses our principal hearing mechanism—an inch-long membrane the thickness of a human hair.

For over a century scientists have believed that a mathematical description of the inner ear could provide us with important information. But until recent years, they haven't had the necessary experimental evidence or the computational power of the high-speed computer. Now, a mathematician at IBM's Los Angeles Scientific Center has succeeded in giving us a "look" inside the inner ear.

Dr. Alfred Inselberg has been working on this project for fifteen years, since his days in graduate school. He pursued it on his own until four years ago when IBM made the study his official assignment.

Working in collaboration with the medical staff from the Ear Research Institute in Los Angeles and Dr. Richard Chadwick of Technion—the Israel Institute of Technology—he has created a mathematical model of the inner ear that is helping specialists learn more about the way it functions.



The function of the inner ear, shown above, has long been a mystery. Doctors and scientists have been working to unlock the secrets of hearing contained inside this small part of the body. We now know that it receives the sounds from the outer and middle ears, sensing and processing the information and sending it on to the brain, resulting in a hearing sensation.

"We can generate a computer model, based on the mathematical model that describes the behavior of the cochlea," explains Dr. Inselberg. "We can then do various experiments on the computer that could not be done on the actual ear. We can use the computer to discover what sort of physical defect results in a particular hearing impairment. Since the defect can be 'repaired' mathematically in the model, we could, in some cases, even suggest appropriate treatment."

These experiments together with the mathematical analysis of the model have provided some important information. "For example," says Dr. Inselberg, "they have given us a better understanding of the likely causes of ear ailments such as presbycusis—the loss of hearing with age—and Meniere's disease, a kind of deafness characterized by ringing in the ear."

About his research, Dr. Inselberg says, "There's a real human need for it as well as a natural curiosity to find out how things work. We must remember that no mathematical model can be as precise as the real thing. But our model is answering questions that couldn't be answered without it."

Helping students choose careers

Choosing a career is a difficult decision most students face sometime during their schooling. Often, they don't have adequate knowledge of how career opportunities match up with their capabilities. Now a computer program available from Willowbrook High School in Villa Park, Illinois, where it was developed, is helping students at more than 75 high schools across the country with career guidance. Using the program, called Computerized Vocational Information System, students can compare their own attitudes, interests and academic records with information on some 500 different occupations.

After answering questions about themselves, the students can see, on a TV-like screen, a list of careers which are most suitable for them. Counselors then personally assist the student in making the best vocational selection.

At Proviso Township High School near Chicago, the program is helping the counseling effort immeasurably, according to Dan Heintz, Vocational Counselor. "This program gives our students a chance to see the number of careers available to them and helps them focus on their own potential and interest," he says. "And, instead of spending time hunting for information, our counselors can now concentrate on counseling."

The program also provides information on some 1600 colleges, as well as specialized and technical schools.

Court turns to computer to help cut case load

Across the country, courtrooms are backlogged and the paperwork involved in the administration of court operations is increasing rapidly.



To aid in solving these problems, the San Diego Law and Justice Agency turned to an IBM computer. Today many people in the area are getting court action on their civil cases with far less waiting.

"It wouldn't have been possible without the computer," says Jesse Osuna, County Clerk.

Advances in technology have resulted in lower computing costs, making computers economically feasible for applications such as this.

The computer was programmed to assist with the calendaring of civil cases in Superior Court, which had become an almost superhuman task. It required the coordination of judges, attorneys and witnesses. Index cards were kept, by month, for each of the nearly 2200 attorneys in the county, containing his trial calendar. These had to be manually revised and kept current.

Now, among other things, the computer helps keep a constantly updated trial calendar for each attorney.

And the court's backlog of cases has been reduced.

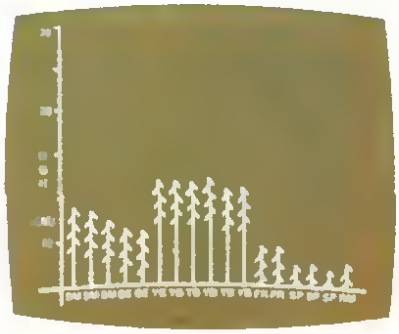


Illustration of tree 'growth' on computer terminal display screen.

The forest that grows in a minute

As an aid in planning the reforesting of cleared areas, it is now possible to simulate tree growth on a computer.

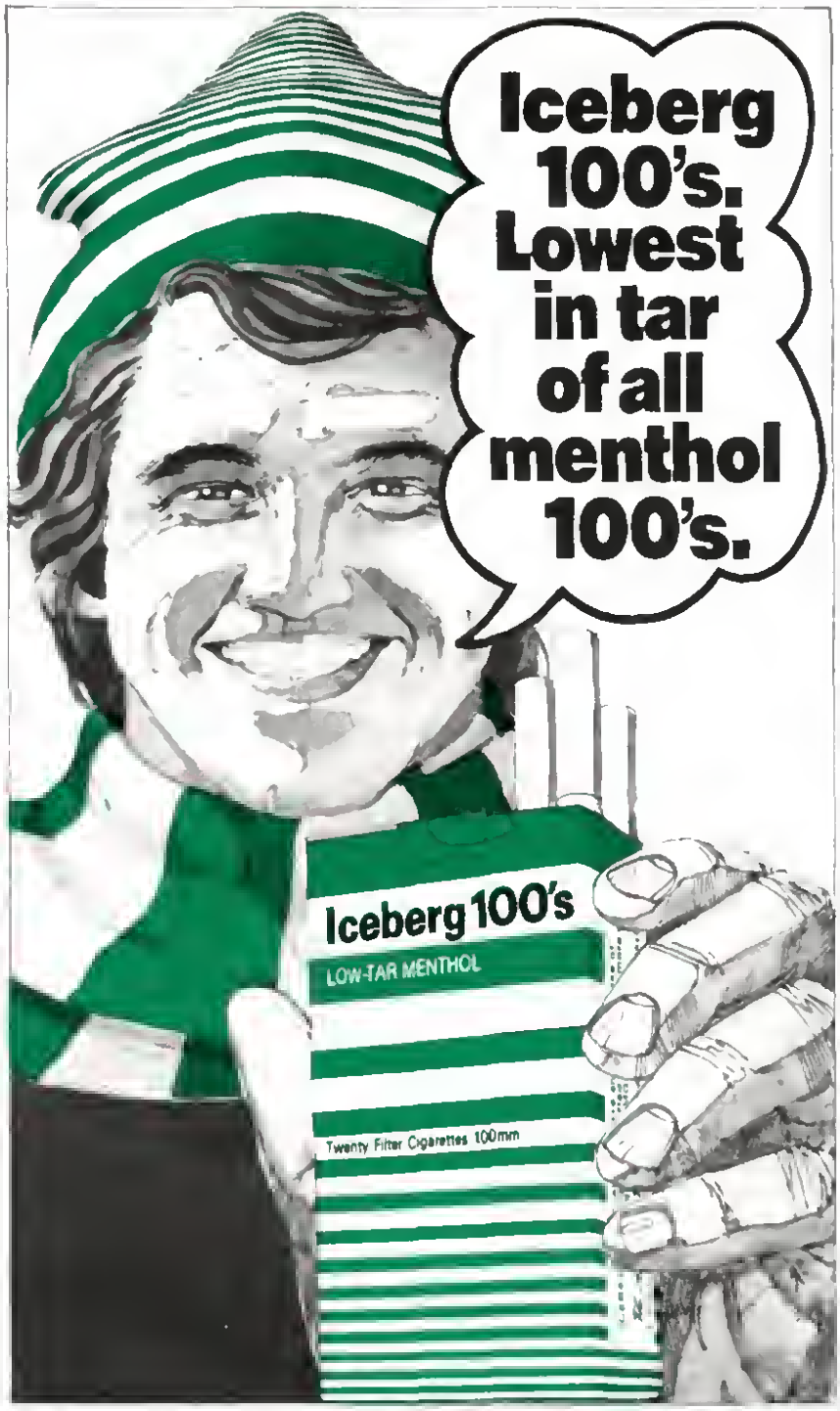
Through the efforts of scientists from IBM and Yale University, researchers can watch a century-old forest "grow" on a computer terminal's TV-like screen at the rate of a year a second. They can then accurately project forest growth patterns that take into account such interrelated conditions as soil quality, climate, topography and the competition between tree species.

Those chiefly responsible for the program are Dr. Daniel Botkin of the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies and two scientists from IBM's Research Division—Dr. James Wallis, hydrologist and Dr. James Janak, a theoretical physicist.

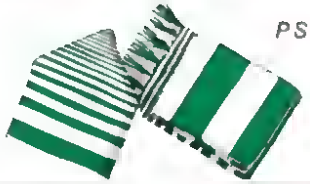


Mexico is building new roads to link remote villages with main highways. And the road-building program also brings needed employment to farmers in certain areas during their off season. Deciding where to put the roads so they'll do the most good in serving both job and transportation needs is a complex question involving population densities and economic factors. An IBM computer is processing data to help planners find the right answers.

IBM



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Shopwalk

by CARLETON MITCHELL

IF IT WON'T SINK THE SHIP, HERE'S A BOAT FOR ONE DEAR TO YOUR HEART

Now that a challenge is in the wind, this might be the moment to begin thinking of a new 12-meter yacht for '77. A long lead time in preparing for an America's Cup defense is a must, say the experts. So is money. But if you start soon, it probably would be possible to get the jump on inflation, which bids fair to put the price of future yachts in a class with aircraft carriers. Otherwise, you might want to shop around for a used model.

Take, for example, *Courageous*. The total tab for the defender came to $1.3 million. This breaks down into design fees and tank tests of approximately $200,000, building of hull and rig $400,000, winches at $50,000 and an assortment of sails amounting to $65,000. To these heady figures add a half-million for expenses. But let it be immediately emphasized that the donors of the money and those toiling on *Courageous* were equally dedicated to the defense of the cup: syndicate members received no tax deduction for contributions, nor was any crew member paid.

Thus it has been since 1958, when the rules were changed to permit competition by 12-meter yachts—small by pre-World War II standards, yet now more expensive than bygone monsters setting acres of canvas tended by dozens of professionals. However, this year the first rift appeared in the financial storm clouds threatening future cup matches. *Mariner* campaigned under the aegis of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, while *Intrepid* represented the Seattle Sailing Foundation, both sanctioned as nonprofit educational institutions by that habitual spoilsport, the Internal Revenue Service. The Australian challenger, *Southern Cross*, was reputedly deductible in the promotion of a real estate development.

The disastrous performance of *Mariner* and *Southern Cross* introduces another problem that must be faced by anyone eager to own a challenger. Naval architecture is not an exact science, alas. A whiz on the drawing board or in the testing tank may turn out to be a dog afloat. The current international 12-meter rule provides no loopholes for the emergence of a superboat, instead, astronomic amounts of money and time are lavished striving for an almost infinitesimal improvement. A designer must call upon every resource of computer technology to achieve perhaps 1/10th of a knot more speed, an edge so slight that two people strolling together with that difference in speed between them could keep within earshot for a

continued

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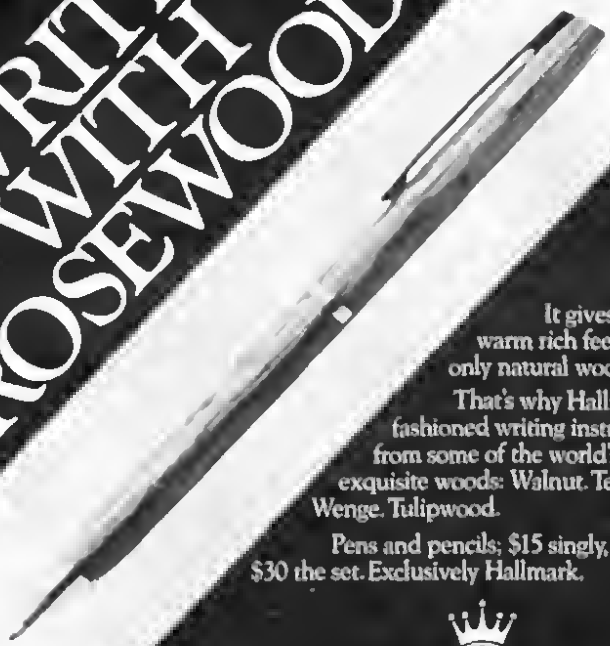
Taste.

Drinking is one thing. Forestering is something else.



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long way. Over the 24.3-mile cup course in average wind velocities it amounts to about 800 yards, or three to four minutes in time as decisive in a match race as sneaking aboard jet propulsion. Unfortunately, there is no way of knowing which boat will possess the fractional advantage until a million or more is spent. *Mariner*'s model tank tests indicated that designer Britton Chance Jr had achieved a phenomenal hull. Her radical chopped-off stern seemed to fool the water into believing it was really a traditional tapered counter, thereby providing a higher speed potential without penalty. The full-size *Mariner* failed to fool the water or anything else, save perhaps her backers.

Perhaps most discouraging is what happens to winner and loser alike when the last gun has fired. The 1974 crop of cup candidates had become so specialized as to be useless for any other purpose. Thus, if you want to pick up a known quantity for the next defense rather than go through the traumatic experience of building, you might consider *Mariner* at a bargain-basement price of around $150,000. Should you prefer to begin at the top with *Courageous*, undoubtedly the fastest 12-meter yacht in the world, be prepared to dig deeper — a lot deeper, but still a saving over new construction. The recent performance of *Intrepid* proved that a really top Twelve can remain competitive a long time. Launched in 1967, *Intrepid* defended that year and again in '70, and only missed this time by an eyelash — or, perhaps more accurately, by a broken backstay in the final trial. The fact that John Stephens, acknowledged world master and creator of both *Intrepid* and *Courageous*, failed to produce a significantly faster boat in seven years is an added commentary on naval architecture.

Having reached a peak of performance that also marks the end of an era, the New York Yacht Club last month began steps to give Twelves a useful afterlife, hoping to bring down costs through increased resale value, especially for unsuccessful candidates. Syndicate organizer George Hinman avers his *Mariner* could command at least $300,000 if she could be converted into an ocean racer. So in '77, at the minimum, winches will go back on deck, making it possible to provide accommodations below, cockpits will be made self-draining, and deck hatches waterproof. Present boats will not be made obsolete, but will be more seaworthy after conversion. Later may come masthead rigs, greater freeboard, and a relaxation of the penalty on beam. For the present, a switch to yachts built under the International Offshore Rule, or abandonment of closed-course match racing, is not contemplated. Thus, if the challenge already received from the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club of Cowes is accepted, Twelves will still be Twelves, and now is the time to begin shopping. Anyone for a Christmas stocking present? **END**

You are cordially invited to a personal showing of a totally new car.

Cordoba

CORDOBA

The New Small Chrysler

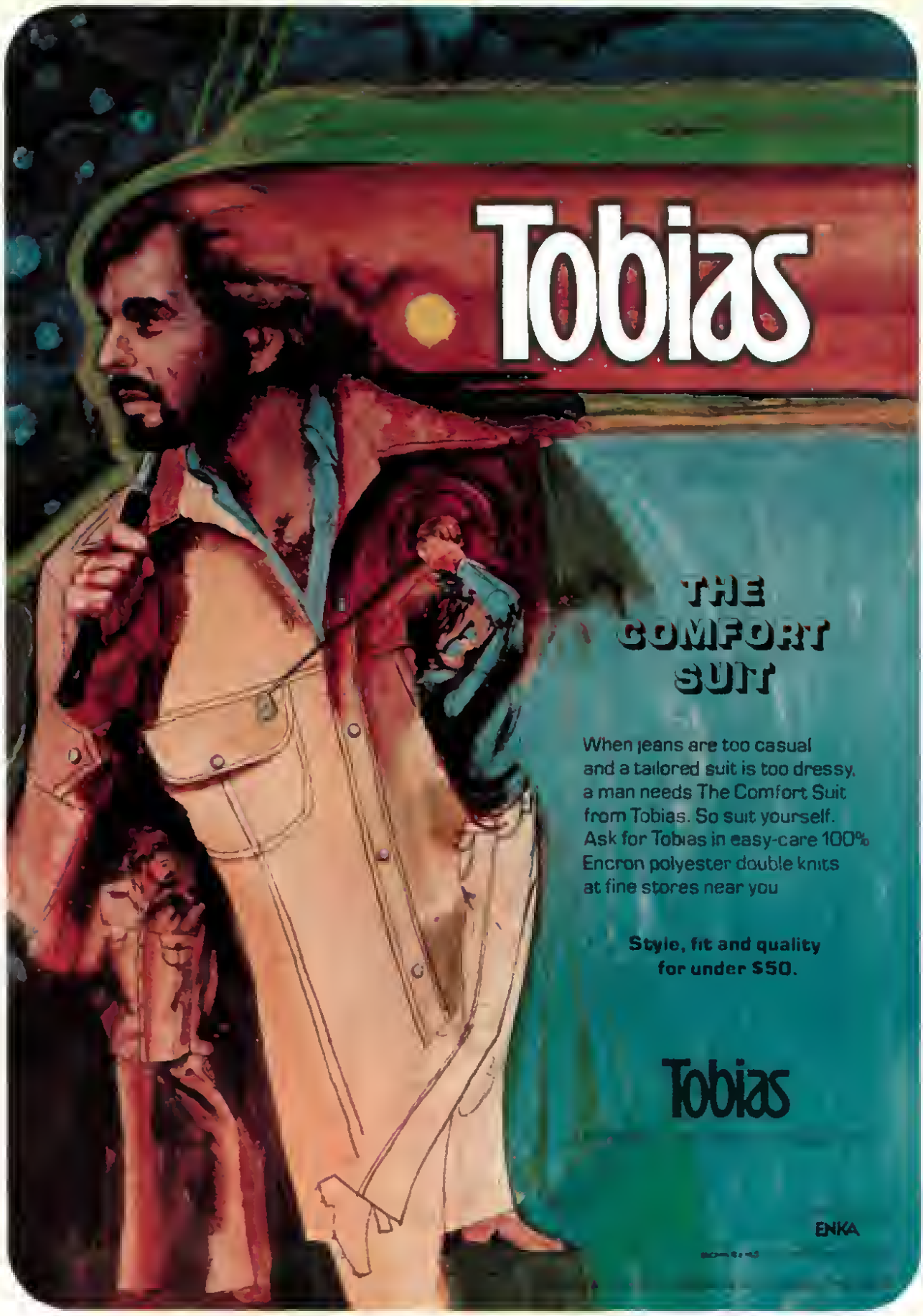
This is Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler. With the warm colors of wood in a finely detailed instrument panel . . . and the rich colors of earth in the deep shag carpeting. The soft warmth of glowing lamps in five separate locations. And the thick cushions of contour seats . . . available in rare hues of crushed velour, or fine Corinthian leathers. You're invited to see Cordoba at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Luxurious, yet surprisingly affordable. Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler.



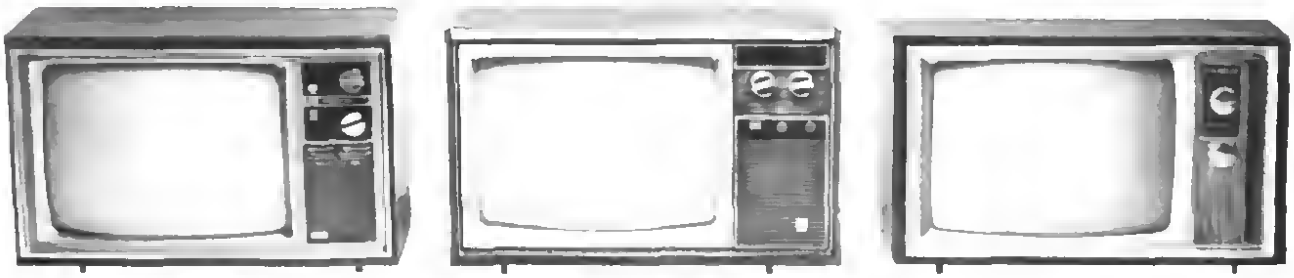
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

SLOW BUT STEADY

In its usually modest way, the North American Soccer League has announced the award of its 18th franchise to the Chicago Sting. With one more franchise—and two are pending—the NASL will become the third-largest professional sports league in the country. Only the National Football League and major league baseball will be bigger.

The soccer league started with a blast in the mid-'60s. After losses in the millions, it was down to five teams and almost broke by 1969. That's when Phil Woosnam became commissioner and talked small. Concentrating on community relationships and keeping expenses low, he achieved a slow, steady growth that the owners could live with. No franchise has since lost more than $230,000 a season—peanuts compared with the bath some World Football League teams took this year—and average attendance has grown steadily, from 3,844 a game in 1971 to 7,825 last season. A few of the games have been televised, including this year's championship, but Woosnam is not pushing overly hard in that direction. Build the game first is his theory, attract a loyal following and the TV will come.

HUES AND CRY

At the University of Oregon, where the school colors are emerald green and lemon yellow, the athletic department distributed bumper stickers imploring GO BIG GREEN. Then the football team lost seven in a row—it is now 2-8—and a new bumper sticker appeared with a slightly different legend: GO BIG LEMON.

GOLD IN THEM THAR TILLS

"Olympic gold" used to describe what all the athletes were after in the quadrennial Games, the medal for finishing first. At Montreal in 1976, the phrase could stand for the price of a ticket. The main stadium will be scaled at $12, $16, $20 and $24 for track and field finals—$4 standing room—and opening and closing ceremonies will have a top price of $40. The Canadian organizers, who hope to net approximately $15 million from the sale of more than four million tickets, insist the prices are not out of line. The cost per seat at other Olympic venues will be lower, making the average price for all tickets for events held in the Montreal area $8, and something less for events outside. The cheapest final will be the field hockey championship game at $4, $6 and $8. That should make field hockey fans happy, anyway—all 200 of them.

THE LITTLE IN LITTLE LEAGUE

The outrage and hurt were not all Taiwan's when Little League Baseball, Inc. announced last week that henceforth the Little World Series would be very little indeed, excluding teams from all countries save those from the United States. Judging by editorial comment around this country, which was almost unanimous in deploring the latest LL gaffe, the only jingoists were the league directors themselves. Few others felt so concerned that Taiwan had won five of the last six series, or that Japanese teams had won in 1967 and 1968. As Dick Young of the New York *Daily News* said, disinviting the best is like barring Miami from the Super Bowl or Muhammad Ali from a bout for the heavyweight championship.

The unofficial reasons given for the action—travel costs for foreign teams were becoming too expensive and the approach was becoming too nationalistic—is transparent nonsense. Nor, as Peter Carry wrote in this magazine (Aug. 19), is there any reason to suspect unfair practices by the Taiwanese. The kids are of age, and they are not culled from a huge population base. They do, however, play all year round, they accept instruction gladly and they practice as though by glove possessed.

More to the point is what Robert Stirrat, one vice-president of the Little League, said: "We could see a trend coming. Our program originally was intended as a community activity, and basically still is." For the wrong reasons, the Little League could just be on the track of something sensible at last. Why even hold a series? Winning the town or county championship is pressure enough for 11- and 12-year-olds. And scrapping the series would save the directors all sorts of embarrassment. At least they would not have to blush every time they mention those three little words—Little World Series.

RATTLING BAD TIME

If Larry Jay, 13, gets through November without being bitten, it will be the first month that's happened since August. For a while it seemed he never would get back to school in Redding, Calif.

Larry's troubles began on Aug. 29. He was working in his back yard, he says,



when "this black widow spider just dropped down and bit me on the back of the left hand." Off to the hospital which, luckily, is only three minutes away by car. On Sept. 2, still not fully recovered, Larry was walking along about a block or two from his house when he failed to observe an 18-inch rattler that most assuredly saw him. Larry stepped on the critter and got it, this time below the knee. Three days in the hospital.

On Oct. 6 another rattlesnake struck, this one at Larry's left forearm while he was helping to catch a runaway chicken. "I bent over, reaching into the tall grass and the snake bit me," Larry says. "I was sicker the second time than from

continued

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the first snake, but the spider was worst."

Says Larry's father, Milbern, "He sure is nervous." Figures.

THE WEARIN' OF THE GRAIN

Three-time Women's Open golf champion Susie Maxwell Berning confided to a friend recently, "You know, I never knew what they were talking about when they discussed the grain of the green." For the first time in pro play she had worn glasses.

TOO YOUNG TO GO

Prepare to shed a tear. Old Rule 93-23 is dead and gone, stricken from the AAU Handbook. It's hard to know how to break this sad news, but never again will you go to a track meet and thrill to the Pole Vault for Distance.

What? Never heard of it? Surely you know it is "governed by the Rules governing the Running Long Jump" (Handbook, 1973-74, p.77). Surely you are aware that it grew out of a 19th-century need to get to the other side of the old mill stream: plant the pole and go. And now this, just when somebody on a fiberglass pole might have slung himself straight out of an Olympic stadium. What will they take from us next?

DISAPPEARING OPTIONS

Dick Allen, the Chicago White Sox slugger, may have known all along that he could not depend on his string of 13 thoroughbred race horses to earn him a living. In announcing his retirement from baseball last September, he was careful not to commit the intention to writing. Had he done so and then wanted back in, he would have had to sit out the first 60 days of the 1975 season. But even that hedge may not be enough to stave off trouble.

First, there are the horses themselves. It costs about $1,000 a month to keep a thoroughbred running, and Allen's have not been running very fast. For instance, he saddled two on a card last week at the new Keystone Race Track outside of Philadelphia. One went off at 30 to 1 and finished seventh. The other, a second choice at 5 to 2, showed brief speed before tiring and finishing fifth. Allen earned $225 in that race, not very much balanced against expenses of about $13,000 a month, to say nothing of the $130,000 he paid for the horses.

Fortunately, Allen has his baseball salary of $225,000 to fall back on—or does he? Manager Chuck Tanner's ardor for his onetime star has cooled considerably. Tanner says: "It would be awfully hard to backtrack on this. We've already made our trading plans on the basis of Allen not playing. We've had to change our thinking for the future." Owner John Allyn says the club would have to give the matter of accepting Allen back "some study." Afraid of a hassle with the Players Association if they do not reinstate Allen, the Sox have been searching for somebody to take their retiring star off their hands. So far, no takers.

The first commissioner of baseball, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, felt strongly that the game and horse racing did not mix, and made certain during his stewardship that they did not. Dick Allen could live to wish that the judge's view still prevailed.

GAMES FRIENDS PLAY

With winter approaching, it's getting to that Frazleerham and Brindledorph time again at Sandy Spring Friends School in Olney, Md. Just as well. Friedlefrappe, Hoop-A-Doop and Nurdleyhawl had about run their course for a while.

Maybe this needs explaining. These are games. In Friedlefrappe, for instance, all you have to do is throw a friedlesphere up into a friedlesnare that is being held by a friedlesnatcher on the friedleplat, providing, of course, the friedlefrapper doesn't get her broom in the way and bat the friedlesphere away from the friedlesnare. Got it?

If you don't, the Sandy Spring kids do and they profess to like the games, the inventions of Barry Morley, a Harvard and Boston U. graduate and a teacher there. A lack of funds and playing facilities were Morley's original inspiration. Although tennis, soccer, lacrosse and baseball have been added to the menu, they will not do for the gymless students come the cold months. So it's Frazleerham for the boys—a combination of rugby, soccer and basketball with a whimsical mixture of Morley-esque terms—and Brindledorph for the girls, sort of field hockey played with brooms.

"I have a philosophy that life is a process of participation rather than spectating," says Morley. "It seems to me the object of education is to give a student experience. The object of school is to teach, not to exploit. The psychological and physical pressures put on Little League kids is too much. They win because their parents want them to. At Sandy Spring, the kids compete, but not to make the team."

RESPOTTING THE LEOPARD

Some six years ago Norman Myers, a wildlife biologist, warned a U.S. congressional committee that the African leopard seemed a prime candidate for early extinction. Now, after a two-year study, he has revised that estimate. It is still gloomy—the leopard probably will not survive in its wild state much past the beginning of the next century—but its numbers are not being reduced nearly so fast as the lion's or the elephant's or the rhino's.

The animal is managing to save its highly prized skin, at least for the present, because of a combination of stealth, strength and adaptability. Leopards, Myers writes in the latest issue of *International Wildlife*, can live close to man without being detected. Stronger, pound for pound, than any other predator, they can leap from cover, bring overwhelming power to bear on their prey and haul it out of sight, often up a tree, all in a matter of moments.

While leopards favor big game, unlike the lion they are not picky, and willingly hunt rats, birds, frogs, fish, snakes and other small fry. They can live in the intense heat of Kenya's Indian Ocean shore country or in the ice fields of Kilimanjaro, in bush country and the desert, but they do best in the great rain forests of the Zaire River basin, where it is hard and expensive for hunters and poachers to get at them. They will outlive the other large animals of Africa, which operate in the open and somewhat clumsily, as long as they have their forest cover, which will depend upon the pressure to develop new farm land.

THEY SAID IT

- Patricia Phillips, asked what her husband Mel Phillips, 49er defensive back, does in the off-season. "He sits home and watches his bones mend."
- Howard Cosell, discussing San Francisco Quarterback Tom Owens: "I'm impressed by the continuity of his physical presence."
- Ken Avery, Cincinnati Bengals linebacker, asked if anyone calls him a sissy because he studied ballet: "If they did, I'd stomp 'em and do a pirouette on their heads." **END**

How well do you know your kid?

When you come right down to it, that could be the difference between a day your youngster will never forget, and one that's just another Christmas.

Even now, December 25th is getting here sooner than you'd expected. And right now, stores have a lot more of those great Tyco electric trains and racing sets than they'll have a week from now.

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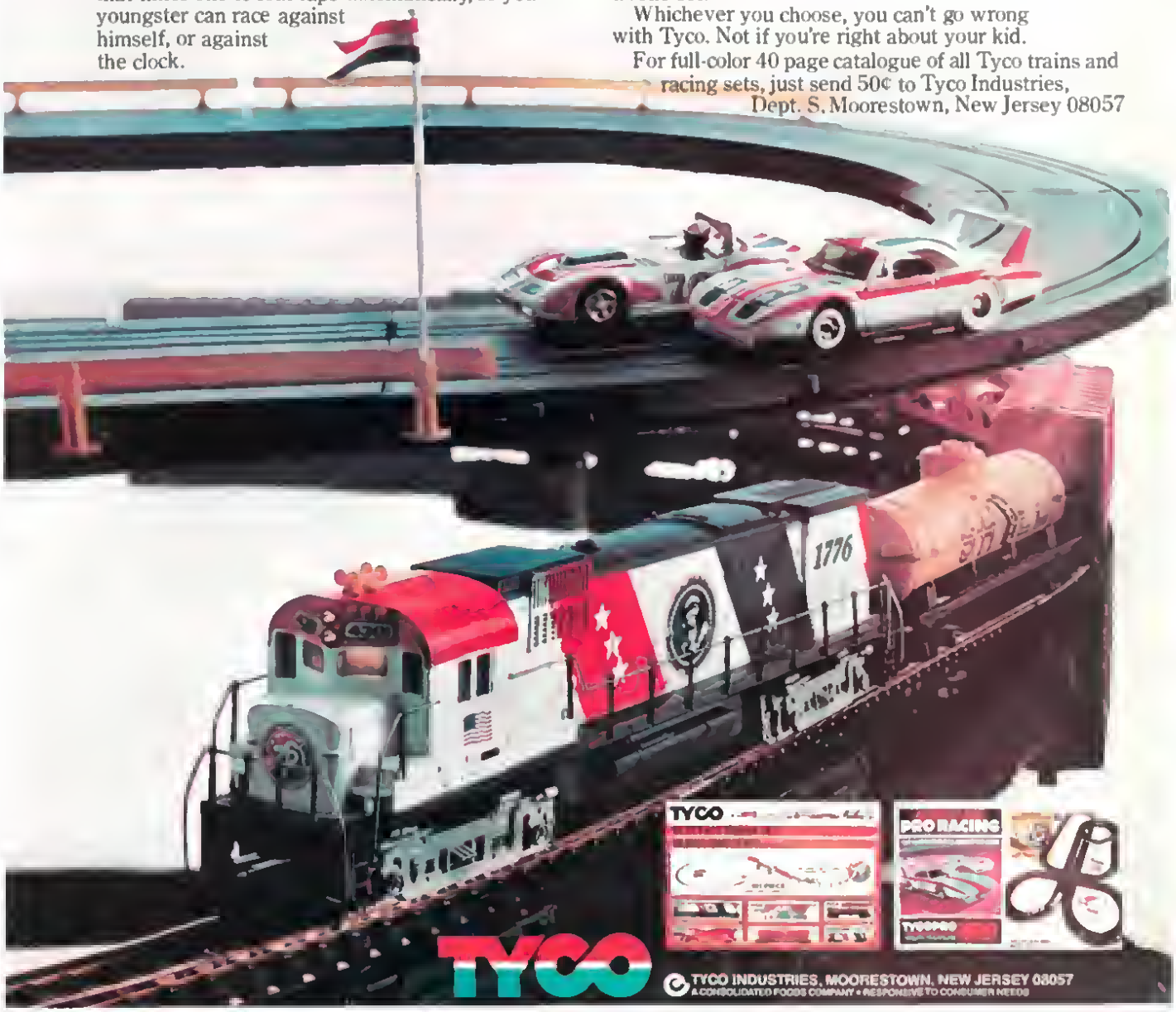
It's the one to get if your child is outgoing and competitive.

But suppose your youngster is a little quieter, and a little more imaginative.

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 25, 1974

KEN DRYDEN ON TRIAL

Back after a year of law-clerking and facing a week under siege, hockey's most celebrated goaltender was shelled by Buffalo and shocked by New York, but he muzzled Boston. Verdict: he can still light up the ice

by MARK MULVOY







Amid the eight-goal Buffalo barrage, Dryden shows little finesse blocking a gut shot and is fooled by a skimmer.

CONTINUED

There were moments last week when Ken Dryden, a tall young man who is the last line of defense and last best hope of hockey's only dynasty, no doubt wished he was still playing lawyer for Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt in Toronto instead of goaltender for the prestigious old Montreal firm of Le Club de Hockey Canadien. After all, when has a jury booed a lawyer the way Montreal's fanatical Frenchmen roasted Dryden one night as goal after goal after goal whizzed past him in the Forum? Or, for that matter, when has some tweedy counselor had to confront 108 pucks the way Dryden did in his week of trial by fire against the Buffalo Sabres, the Boston Bruins and the New York Rangers?

For Dryden those games, against as formidable a trio of opponents as any team is likely to draw in succession, were a critical test of his comeback. Did he still have the heroic stuff of the Dryden who had singlehandedly detoured Boston from the 1971 Stanley Cup? Or the mettle of the man who had led the Canadiens through the glistening 1973 championship year, in which they lost only 10 games?

Dryden, remember, went AWOL from the Canadiens last season to serve as a $134-a-week law clerk, and it was a moot question whether he could make it all the way back on the ice. "We'll know by about 10:40 p.m Saturday," said Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman.

All things considered, Dryden probably should have pleaded *nolo contendere* when he argued Case No. 1 against the Sabres on Wednesday night. The game was played before hockey's choosiest fans, and it was a major embarrassment as Buffalo, suddenly the most potent scoring machine in the sport, poured 38 shots at the beleaguered Dryden and slapped the Canadiens 8–6. Worse, Montreal also lost Captain Henri Richard for at least two months when he suffered a broken ankle in the first period. As the Buffalo score mounted, the Forum crowd turned hostile, giving Dryden the St. Catherine's Street raspberry when he made the most routine save.

Normally unflappable, Dryden was steaming after the bombardment and the boos. "I told you I want Diet Seven-Up," he snapped at the trainers, spurning other soft drinks. He lowered his head. "It was not a reasonable response by the fans," he said, "but people are not always reasonable." In fact, of the eight goals Buffalo scored against Dryden, more than he had ever allowed before in a regular-season game, only one, a soft shot by Jerry Korab that caught him completely out of position, was the least bit tainted. And besides their eight goals, the Sabres also had seven other clean break-ins against Dryden. "We could have lost 13–6," said Bowman.

For reasons known only to themselves, the Canadiens nowadays play better hockey on enemy rinks than they do at the Forum. At home they have taken to staging what Dryden calls "shoot-'em-ups" with the opposition, disdaining logical defensive theory in favor of "last-goal-wins-the-game" silliness. For example, the Canadiens inexplicably allowed the shifty Buffalo center, Gilbert Perreault, to skate unchecked throughout the game and, much like the quarterback who works out of a protective pocket, he whipsawed the Canadiens with his skating, shooting and passing. Perreault scored one goal and set up three others, while his linemate Rene Robert beat Dryden three times.

"I'm very upset and very depressed," Dryden said. "How could we play such an unbelievably stupid game? We made countless mistakes, but the definition of my job is that I am supposed to cover up the mistakes that other people make. I didn't do that in this game. And I can't rationalize that my mistakes were the last mistakes in the series because such thinking is false. A goal is my responsibility, pure and simple."

On the Canadiens' charter flight to Boston that night Dryden lost himself in John le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, temporarily setting aside a hefty tome entitled *The Consumer and Corporate Accountability*. "My response to a game like tonight's," he said, "is that I still have a lot of energy that must be directed someplace. At that bloody book! Get it read!" By the time he fell asleep he was on page 223 of *Tinker, Tailor*, and he finished it the next day.

Dryden was still edgy Thursday afternoon as he awaited his first reunion with the Bruins. "We haven't beaten anyone yet," he grumbled. Indeed, the Canadiens had defeated only one team with a winning record so far, and they were six points behind the Los Angeles Kings in their divisional race. "When I came back to hockey in September," he said, "my initial feeling was one of total exhilaration at being involved in something so very different. Now I'm beginning to feel as though I was never away from the game. As the season has progressed, that initial exhilaration has given way to the more immediate feelings dictated by the performance of the team. Right now we all seem to be on a roller coaster."

He thought for a moment, a serious man in a serious mood. "Hockey is much like the litigation aspects of law," he said. "In both hockey and litigation there are long periods of preparation followed by relatively brief presentations. And then the results are there. Graphically! The jury returns its verdict. The red light flashes behind you. The numbers go up on the scoreboard. The only difference is that you can't appeal the decision of a goal judge during a hockey game."

After pondering the previous night's misadventures, Dryden decided to try a different strategy against the Bruins. "I have been giving up too many moderate goals," he said. "By moderate I mean a respectable goal but one I certainly would have stopped if I had played the shot correctly." Now Dryden planned to adopt an offensive posture. "I've been thinking of myself as a receptacle back there in the goal," he said. "To play well, you must be aggressive mentally—not a receptacle for someone. Instead of worrying about stopping the shooter, my attitude now will be that he has to beat

A winner the next night, he faces down a charging Orr.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

me. I'm switching the onus; placing it on the shooter. Of course, I can't approach this in a false way. I've got to let it come naturally."

And suddenly that night those who saw it were transported back to the spring of 1971 when, as a rookie, Dryden stopped the cocky Bruins and snatched the Stanley Cup from their lips. The Canadiens began to play some defense. They kept the breakaways and the two-on-ones to a minimum. Though the Bruins still managed to pelt Dryden with 40 shots, he stopped 39 of them, allowing only a Bobby Orr blast to escape him, and the Canadiens won 4–1.

"Dryden is still a thieving giraffe," fumed Boston's Phil Esposito. The Bruins had had their power play on the ice for more than 12 minutes against Dryden but failed to beat him. Five times he devoured close-in shots by Esposito from the slot. Three times he turned aside Orr's slap shots from inside 40 feet. And twice—bang, bang—he turned back the big wing Ken Hodge at the goalmouth. Orr was disgusted after the game. "What we ought to do," he said, "is get Dryden a job with a law firm in Florida that won't let him play hockey on the side."

Dryden, meanwhile, was smiling as he sipped the kind of soda he had spurned in Montreal. "Why didn't we play like this at home?" he asked. "This was our first big win."

Back at the Forum Saturday night the Canadiens were outplayed by the Rangers but escaped with a 4–4 tie when Defenseman Serge Savard scored with only 24 seconds remaining. Dryden watched Savard's goal from the Montreal bench, having been replaced by an extra attacker. He had handled 30 shots and was not really at fault on any of the New York goals, but once more he was downcast. "I thought we had gotten off the roller coaster," he mumbled.

Considering his performance against Boston and the nonvintage character of his Canadien teammates, Dryden could have allowed himself a better frame of mind. The Bruin game had been his biggest verdict in any case since the time last winter when he helped persuade an Ontario judge that two clients deserved probation and not incarceration, although they admittedly had possessed illegal drugs.

Dryden did not turn his back on hockey during his law-clerking. He played defense for a team in an industrial league, and he did the color commentary for the telecasts of the Toronto Toro games. On Wednesday and Saturday nights he watched the NHL games on television but, like many fans, he really half-watched and half-read. "I saw all the replays," he said. "One thing I learned last year is that catching the replays has become a national sport."

One night Dryden went to Maple Leaf Gardens on an overdue errand—to collect his 1973 Stanley Cup ring from the Canadiens—and Coach Bowman invited him into the dressing room. "Things suddenly seemed natural again," Dryden recalled. "I was hit by towels and by flying bars of soap, and I was hopping over skates. Then the Canadiens were gone again, headed for Boston, and I was going home. It was upsetting that I was not going to Boston with them."

But not once did Montreal General Manager Sam Pollock get in touch with Dryden to inquire about his hockey plans. Dryden had left the team after a hassle over his 1973-74 contract, and when he signed with the Toros to handle their TV color, evidently Pollock, like most hockey people, assumed he had signed to play with the Toros in the future. ("My husband doesn't lie," says Lynda Dryden. "He said he hadn't signed with anyone, and he hadn't signed with anyone.") What Dryden learned in the television booth was that he did not want to play with the Toros or any other team in the WHA. "To me, it was obvious that the NHL still offered the best competition, the best challenge," he says. And so last May he agreed to return to the Canadiens, signing a three-year contract for an estimated $600,000.

"Ken worked like a madman all summer getting ready for hockey," Lynda Dryden says. "He went heavy on the yogurt, fruit shakes, honey, apples and fruit salad. He played squash daily and tennis frequently. He ran two miles each night, starting at 11 o'clock, and he played hockey a couple of nights a week, too. He wore all his goaltending equipment in those games but played defense, not goal." As a result Dryden weighed a trim 193 pounds when he checked into Montreal's training camp.

At the start of the season he played shakily, allowing five goals in the Canadiens' opener and then giving up "my absolute worst goal ever" in the second game when he missed a slow 120-foot roller from center ice. "I lifted the toe of my stick off the ice, and the puck just went under it," he recalls. "I fanned on the shot, pure and simple." After each game since Dryden has had to endure one of two descriptions. He was "the old Dryden" or "not the old Dryden."

Last week the old Dryden was plainly visible in one game of the big three, and that was enough to light up the ice. AND



. . . bracee for a shot taad up at point-blank ranga . . .

. . . and sprawls to back tha play of a puck-claaring mate.



JUST A JOB OF WORK FOR THE VIKES

So they lost to the Packers, so what? Minnesota is playoff bound, and too professional to worry over an occasional loss. Maybe **by DAN JENKINS**



The romance lingers on in the National Football League that the NFC Central is still the black and blue division, which is what it used to call itself because of defense and blizzards and growling coaches, or something like that. And when a thing occurs like Green Bay upsetting the Minnesota Vikings there in the mobile-home community known as Metropolitan Stadium last Sunday, it helps the myth continue. But the fact is that the Vikings probably could suit up a few interior decorators in these final four weeks of the regular pro football season and still plod into the playoffs again, even if Fran Tarkenton has those occasional days when he can't seem to get himself or his pals untracked, and one hears again the cries that used to come down out of Yankee Stadium, in one of Tarkenton's other lives: "That a way to hold 'em, Fran."

As the loyal Viking rooters trudged back to the hundreds of buses and trailers in the parking lot to complete their elaborate cocktail-cookout dansants last week, shrugging off the 19–7 loss to the Packers, they could gaze down the road and feel no serious cause for concern. Minnesota is still 7-3, Green Bay and Detroit are 5-5, Chicago is simply nowhere, and the future schedule is not that fierce. So why shouldn't Bud Grant's team have itself a letdown? Only a few days earlier the Vikings had been strung out emotionally as they beat St. Louis on the Monday Night Comedy Hour.

Now Minnesota gets Los Angeles, which is also half dozing through a division race, and perhaps that could be trouble. But the Vikings end the season against New Orleans, Atlanta and the antique Kansas City Chiefs, and the odds are that they can reach the playoffs for the sixth time in the past seven years with only two victories in those four games.

When they do, they will have quite an advantage in the playoffs. The way things look now, both the divisional playoff and league championship games will be played on the natural turf—ice, snow or glaciers—of Metropolitan Stadium. The first playoff game will be staged there if the runner-up team does not come from the West, which seems likely. And if the Vikings win the first one, over St. Louis or whoever, then the NFC title game will also be scheduled on the northern snowscape, in the year-by-year rotation that Pete Rozelle has figured out.

The prospect neither excites nor unnerves the Vikings. Whether they are winning or losing, they nonchalant it, acting about as colorful as an International Harvester brochure. Bud Grant tends to say the same things: "Everybody is a professional and any team can beat anybody . . . I don't look at the standings . . . I don't evaluate my players for the press . . . Write what you want to . . . We have some nagging injuries. . . ."

Equally casual is Tarkenton. In a turtleneck with a black-cherry soda in his hand, he leaned against a locker after the Green Bay game and said ho-hum, so what, he didn't know if Minnesota was as good as last year's Super Bowl team, he didn't know if he was any better a quarterback, he didn't know anything except you win some and you lose some.

Fine, guys. For the next commercial, how about the importance of NoDoz as it applies to the NFC Central?

What actually happened against the Packers, who are not so bad now, with John Brockington healthy and John Hadl at quarterback, is that the Vikings, a hitting team, chose not to hit so often. Green Bay had the football considerably longer throughout the day than Minnesota anticipated. Always, it seemed that Hadl and Brockington were moving toward the Vikings' goal, and frequently close enough for Chester Marcol to try a three-point placement. As the afternoon wore on, Marcol slowly put the Packers up by 12 points on four field goals of six attempted. After three quarters it was slightly astonishing to contemplate that Minnesota had been in Green Bay territory only twice and no farther than the Packers' 29-yard line.

There were times, of course, when the Vikings' defense rose up and became the Purple Packer Eaters. That would be when the Alan Pages and Jim Marshalls and Carl Ellers would stop the Packers and limit them to the field goals. Three times they kept Hadl and Brockington out of the end zone when Dan Devine's team had first downs inside the 10.

This kept the possibility alive that Tarkenton could still win the game, even when the Vikings trailed 12-0 with less than six minutes remaining. Such a result would create a serious problem for poor Devine, a man who certainly has had his problems at Green Bay. Dogs bark at him and fans curse his family because he isn't Vince Lombardi. Rumors circulate that Bart Starr will be the next Packer coach. You could sense that Devine's hate mail was going to pile up even higher when Tarkenton pitched a nifty touchdown pass to Chuck Foreman and brought the Vikings up to 12–7 with plen-



Vike defense (Blair, in this case) kept Packer ground attack (Brockington here) in hand.

ty of time still left. Having dominated all day, Green Bay—and that devil Devine—would blow it for sure.

What then occurred was typical of what can happen to a team that is not there mentally, and had not been the whole of Sunday. The Vikings kicked off and after two plays the old defense held Brockington to three yards. It was third and seven on the Packer 32. The Vikings would hold Green Bay, get good field position after the punt, and with four minutes left Tarkenton would pass for his 36,000,000th yard and his 3,000th touchdown, and even on a bad day Minnesota would send everyone back to the mobile homes with a 14–12 victory.

Not quite. John Hadl dropped back and stung the Vikings harshly. He flipped a pass over the middle to MacArthur Lane, who had found the Vikings' Paul Krause looking somewhere else. Suddenly Lane was behind everybody and he wasn't about to be caught. He ran the rest of the 68 yards in a happy gallop. Crossing the goal line, he provided the grandest excitement of the day. He pitched the ball into the air, stumbled, went crashing into the centerfield fence and, momentarily, looked dead. He wasn't. Minnesota was. For the day, at least.

While this is the same Viking team as last year's in personality, it is not the same team physically. In his quiet way Grant has sought to make it younger. For instance, Jim Lash has replaced Carroll Dale at wide receiver, Charles Goodrum is in there ahead of Grady Alderman at offensive left tackle, Ed White has moved to right guard for Frank Gallagher, Andy Maurer has come from the Falcons to take over for Milt Sunde at left guard, Doug Sutherland is in the front offensive four ahead of Gary Larsen, and injuries have created three other changes. Jeff Wright moved to the right corner for Bobby Bryant, which put Terry Brown at strong safety for Jeff Wright, and Matt Blair, a rookie, is playing left linebacker for Roy Winston. And whether Dave Osborn or Oscar Reed is the fullback does not much matter because Minnesota's offense largely consists of Tarkenton tossing to John Gilliam, and Chuck Foreman wiggling to get outside.

As you try to evaluate the Vikings in terms of how strong—or weak—they really are, you find first of all that the black and blue division is more the color of pink champagne. Grant has dominated it since Lombardi retired at Green Bay. The Vikings' record over Green Bay, Detroit and Chicago since the beginning of 1968 is an imposing 34-8. Coaches have come and gone at those other places while Grant has continued to win, go duck hunting and, according to Public Relations Director Merrill Swanson, display his hidden sense of humor around the office by doing such wildly hilarious things as putting a salamander in his secretary's desk drawer, and on April Fool's Day removing all the chairs from the office in the dead of night so no one would have a place to sit when they came to work.

For all of the obvious weakness of the NFC Central, however, Minnesota has lost this year to Green Bay and Detroit, and was also beaten by New England. Only the win over St. Louis shows the Vikings to be a good football team. Their other victories were over the disappointing and underdeveloped. So once again, how good are they, exactly?

"Oh, I don't know," said Tarkenton. "How good you are, or how good you have to be, depends on who you're playing that day."

If that translates into no answer at all, it fits in with the overall temperament of the Minnesota team. It is the way Grant wants it to be.

"You have to keep a team going along evenly each week," he says. "We don't want ourselves to go leaping out of the stadium one week, and then falling flat on our face the next. We want our people to be professionals, get their paychecks and do their jobs."

The Vikings' job is to win several more times than they lose, certainly enough to muddle through their division. In today's pro game, Grant believes, no team should ever be better than 11-3 after the regular season. Statistically, Grant has determined that 11-3 is the closest thing to excellence there is. That's why the loss to Green Bay did not disturb him. And did not disturb any other Viking, not noticeably.

Grant once described himself as "no different from the guy who runs a McDonald's hamburger stand." He said it with sly humor and pride. Last week the Vikings played like hamburgermen. But those weren't the real Vikings. Except with their one-liners. **END**





A COUNTRY BOY HAS THEM JUMPING

His horse named Oo Right did, and so did the skinny rookie from 'Ollabonna' as a surprising U.S. team won at the National

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

More than one incongruous note was struck last week in Madison Square Garden during the 91st National Horse Show. For instance, a dashing Puerto Rican rider named Juan Rieckehoff won the Grand Prix of New York City, an international jumping event, on a chestnut gelding named Don Juan. How can a gelding be named Don Juan?

But if such a thing as that has happened before, here is an undeniable first. A United States Equestrian Team made up of rookies won the Nations Cup—again. They did it last month in Washington, too, and are pretty clearly shaping up as the best international jumping team on this continent. Of course, U.S.E.T. Captain Frank Chapot is not exactly a rookie, being, among other things, an alumnus of five Olympic Games, but none of his teammates this year had competed in the class for even six months. And though Chapot rode Good Twist and the U.S.E.T.'s best horse, Main Spring, it was the new boys who racked up the points that beat Great Britain, with its individual point champion, David Broome, 82 to 78. Thom Hardy had ridden in only two international shows and has now helped to win two Nations Cups. Buddy Brown was only 18, barely out of the junior division. And there was Dennis Murphy, most interesting of all, whose first experience with horses was watching his father having trouble plowing a straight line.

A public-relations man for the show has said the International Jumping Class is what makes the New York subway rider pay nine dollars for a ticket. "It's the kids on our block against the kids on their block," he says, and for the New York Rolls-Royce riders it is practically the kids in our family against the kids in their family. Besides, it's exciting.

Chapot and the team's coach of 19 years, Bertalan de Nemethy, are at present quite excited, though one could be misled by the way the former tends to express himself. "That performance bodes well for the future of our team," he intoned after the victory. "Winning with the roster we had makes everyone who follows the progress of our team very happy." Especially Coach de Nemethy, because he has two more years to train these winners for the Olympics. (Rodney Jenkins may be the best U.S. rider, and he gave his subway fans at least $8.50's worth on the last night at the Garden when he finished second by $^3/_{10}$ of a second to Michele McEvoy of the U.S. in the Open Jumper Stake. The second place was enough to keep his leading Open Jumper Rider status intact, but as a professional Jenkins cannot compete in the Olympics, which is why de Nemethy's mind is on his rookies.)

But a few more words about the horse show itself. The National has been designated by the FEI as a CHIO. That means that the *Federation Equestre Internationale*, the official governing body of jumping, has adjudged it a *Concours Hippique International Officiel*, and that gives it the highest status a show can achieve (although Huddie Ledbetter, in *The Midnight Special*, has already told us how important jumping is. "Well jumping little Judy She was a mighty fine girl /She brought jumping /To the whole round world").

At the horse show you see people running around dressed like Mrs. Astor, or the Beefeater, or Marshal Foch or Mandrake the Magician. Ads in the horse show program don't say:

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They say, "Enter the World of Gucci." There are contests in which men wearing gray tweed double-vented jackets and strange little black snap-brim hats cause their sleek, ripply mounts to mince and jig around like courtiers at a royal ball with weak refreshments. There are dressage events in which horses actually seem to be shuffling off to Buffalo. Between events Meyer Davis music is piped in, you can buy a subscription to *Sidesaddle News* and, "If anyone has found a gold moneyclip. ." began at least one public-address-system announcement last week. Some very lively-sounding names pop up in the course of the show, too, such as that of Mrs. Bunny St. Charles Jeffery, of Reno, Nev., who judged the Saddle Seat, or Good Hands, event. It is refreshing to watch the horses that are supposed to be standing at attention during awards ceremonies start dancing to the various national anthems. And the scene below, in the stalls area, just off the com-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX BORODULIN

Prize pupil Murphy and Coach de Nemethy have the look of champions, thanks to the blue-ribbon showing by Dennis on Do Right

petition floor, is not effete. You may see a girl and a horse taking alternate bites out of an apple, or a rider having feverish drags on a cigarette while mounted and waiting to go on, or a fine hearty chestnut shifting his feet restively as he seems to glare at a sign that says, "No Horse Can Leave This Building Without a Release From the Horse Show Office."

Furthermore, the various jumping contests are rousers. Fences get kicked over, people fall off horses and horses land on their (the horses') heads. Any jumping rider appears from the rear, as he goes over an obstacle, to have been hoisted by a comic explosion, or jerked up like the ditchdiggers flung skyward by the police motorcycles chasing W.C. Fields' car in *The Bank Dick*. The horses themselves snort as loudly in their exertions as any NFL tackle. So the international jumping is not something rookie Dennis Murphy has to be embarrassed about having lent his presence to the next time he visits the boys in the Birmingham garage he used to work in.

Three of the four U.S.E.T. riders at the Garden this year may have been rookies, but Murphy is special. "One year after every Olympic Games," says de Nemethy, a former Hungarian cavalry instructor who looks like the proprietor of a nice French restaurant, "we are advertising in the newspaper and bulletin that we will have trials on the East Coast, in Florida, the Midwest, California. We are making screening trials!" Open as it sounds, this invitation to be trained for an Olympic riding team is apt to draw people with good horses, and Dennis Murphy, 30 years old, born the son of an Alabama sharecropper, still cannot afford to own a good horse.

"I never saw Dennis before," de Nemethy says. "I never heard his name. For the last set of trials, in Gladstone, N.J., he just applied and arrived, and look, the man is like a cowboy. What he's doing is coming only from the natural instinct. Whatever you can tell him, he can only be better, but it is so obvious! The rider and the horse together, in a harmony with the center of gravity! This is what you can notice, and from nowhere! From Ollabonna! People from the West Coast and East Coast are being taught from little kids and they come to the trials at 18. Dennis is so much older. You don't want to realize that somebody without your knowledge is so good. But Dennis has the natural feeling, the feeling for the rhythm, and the balance. That you cannot teach!"

With de Nemethy pronouncing Murphy's home state Ollahonna and Murphy saying "aholt" but making it in the highest circles of fancy horsemanship, what are things coming to? Well, Frank Chapot observes that 15 or 20 years ago the horse show was stuffy, "but the social thing is a thing of the past," and Rodney Jenkins recalls, "I saw Murphy four years ago on the Florida circuit, when he came in with green horses and beat everybody. He wasn't as polished, but hell, he had the desire. That's the thing in any sport."

Murphy began life on his grandfather's farm in Blount County, Ala. "People were just naturally expected to take care of animals," he says, and he enjoyed helping his grandparents with the horses, mules and cows. But his father was not only uninterested in jumping horses, "he didn't even work good with horses on the farm. And my mother, with horses, she didn't even want to touch one. She likes 'em at a distance. She was an athlete, though. When she was 40 she hit .500 and was the MVP in her softball league."

When Murphy's grandfather died and an uncle inherited the farm, the family moved to a little patch of ground they rented outside Birmingham. "My father was definitely from the working group . . . he did so many things," says Dennis. "But we didn't have any horses, so I started hanging around a livery stable when I was eight. I'd curry horses, exercise 'em, be a trail guide. I just liked horses. I'd worked mules, too, on the farm, but they weren't an image to look up to. Horses were pretty agreeable. When I was 10 or 12, jumping seemed to be the thing everybody at the stable was doing, so I started, too. When they weren't watching, Sam owned a horse at the stable. We just sort of rode together. Didn't seem like anything serious was going to become of it when we were 10 or 12."

"Sam" is the name by which Murphy has always called Mary Ellen Adams, whom he married after they'd been riding together for 10 years ("She said she'd never marry anybody unless they knew more about horses than she did," says Mary Ellen's father).

"We had to take a written exam to get into the Pony Club," Murphy recalls, "and to tell you a little bit about my spelling, when I spelled 'Shetland' I put an 'i' in it. I was better in the jumping than I was in the textbook. In the jumping, I could've been handicapped, 'cause I might not've had the best horses. Some of the kids that owned their own horses had better ones."

But Murphy was winning, and when he was 15 he went to a clinic held in Atlanta by de Nemethy. "I saw some of the horses there, and listened to him talk," says Murphy, "and I realized for the first time I couldn't make it. I didn't have anybody to help me, and I couldn't get the horses. I couldn't even say 'de Nemethy.'"

So Murphy resigned himself to whatever other kind of career he might be able to work out. He finished high school and "tried to go for a year to Birmingham Southern, worked for the government a little bit and then for the parts department of an aircraft company. But there weren't any horses connected with that, so from the time I was 20 till I was 25 I didn't ride at all. It just didn't look like the opportunity would ever come for me to do any good. I worked in a garage for a while, and we owned a garage one time, with a service station kind of combined. Five years ago I came to Tuscaloosa to take a job with the Gulf States Paper Company, and I met Mr. Warner."

Anybody who has spent any time around Tuscaloosa knows of Jonathan Westervelt (Jack) Warner, the president of Gulf States. He publishes a vivid periodical for his several thousand employees, many of whom are pulpwood and sawmill folk, on top-quality slick paper, with plenty of color photos of himself in his riding togs or displaying his Japanese gardens. He has a good man in Dennis Murphy, but it took him a while to realize how good.

"I went to work for a division called Warlaneo—Warrior Land and Timber," says Dennis. "I worked with the forestry people. The company stables were part of the forestry, and Jack Warner rode. I started going to shows with him and helping, but for me to tell him I could ride too kind of ruffled his feathers a bit. I'd say, 'Listen, you believe it or not, I can ride your horses.' It was like going up to a race car driver and saying, 'Let me drive your car.' But he had a lot of horses and couldn't work them all."

Murphy started riding a horse that had "what they call a roar. It's a wind problem. He was 12 years old then, and sometimes when a horse gets older this flap in his throat loses its elasticity and makes a roaring noise," Murphy recalls. "His name was Blaze. And he was about

continued



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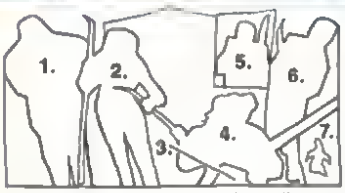
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as average a horse as that name is."

"With me on my good horses," says Warner, "and Murphy on his sorry one, he considered me just a competitor." Pretty soon it became clear that Murphy was good enough to be on the good horses. "He rides softer than any person I've ever seen," Warner says, "and I was in the cavalry when cavalrymen were the Olympic team. A kid like Dennis, who doesn't have a rich momma and daddy, he's got to have somebody helping him. A poor man can't do it. Now it's gotten to where I'm training for Dennis."

The switch came about when Murphy made his decision to try out for the U.S.E.T. last year.

"I had a little problem understanding Bert when I came to Gladstone," Murphy says of de Nemethy. "Now, if I'm looking at him, and I kinda figure out what he's talking about to start with, it's pretty clear. But I was a little scared at first. Bert would say, 'That's the wrong way to work him.' I always used to just make the horse do what I wanted, however I could, but Bert wants the horse trained the right way, and now he tells me what to do and I do it."

Murphy was picked to be one of the four young riders de Nemethy will spend the next two years working with, along with eight other, more experienced, hands, and from this group of 12 the Olympic team will be chosen.

Murphy attained to this select company aboard old Blaze. And where is Blaze now? "Horse heaven, we all hope," Murphy says. "His Achilles' tendon ruptured and he couldn't stand up. He was 15. I'd rather people didn't hear all about it. He got me started. Let him rest." This is said with some emotion, and Murphy is not a demonstrative man.

Do Right, Murphy's current favorite mount, cost Warner $4,000. "He was a very nervous horse," Murphy says. "He'd been through different hands, and trained on tranquilizers. I saw them lunging that horse for an hour. When you lunge a horse you tie him to a rope and let him lunge against it to tire him out, then work him. I figured any horse that tough . . . well, I changed his name from Roguish Eye to Do Right. I worked him for three months. I figured one of us would start understanding the other. He got so fit he wanted to go 100 miles a day. Finally I started working him twice a day for just 15 minutes. He kinda builds up on the inside. As soon as he starts getting tense we quit. You have to go a long way to get to the bottom of him. Do Right, he'll work for me, but he won't ever say uncle. I believe a horse that trains very early usually gives up very early, so it's worth working with a hard horse sometimes. When you're on the course, asking unbelievable things out of 'em, they won't spit out the bit."

Murphy was on the course with Do Right in the Garden, and Do Right did not spit out the bit. In the Puissance, the jump that is the high point of horse show proceedings, Do Right carried Dennis Murphy up and over 7'1". Dennis Murphy spoke later of having won the "Poosance." **END**



WRIGHT WAS ALL WRONG, RIGHT ?

TALENTED BUT CAREFREE, the outspoken Wright (*missing block, below*) tended to irritate his coaches.





An irreverent and irrepressible NFL tackle tells about the odd things that happened in his two hectic seasons with the New York Giants

by STEVE WRIGHT

After Vince Lombardi quit coaching the Packers in 1968, there wasn't any reason to stay around Green Bay. I had gotten a divorce. I wasn't making much money. I thought it was time for a change of scenery.

I had asked for a raise but they wouldn't give it to me. I was making $14,500, only $1,500 more than when I started four years before. I asked for $18,000, and it was like I was looking for $50,000. They asked if I was serious.

So I just wanted to get out of there. I told them I wanted to be traded. Was it a mistake? You bet it was. I had no idea what it was like on other teams. I really asked for it.

About a month passed and I got a call in Milwaukee, where I was busy selling glue. I was told I'd been traded to the Giants. *The New York Times* couldn't get over the trade, because the Giants got not only me but Tommy Crutcher, a linebacker, for Francis Peay, a tackle who had been a disappointment. *The Times* called it "a great coup" and even wondered if Lombardi wasn't having compassion for the Giants, his old team. And I got a substantial raise, to $20,000, which was more than what I asked for at Green Bay.

So it started out good, but I got into trouble in New York. I tried to reform the entire Giant organization. I couldn't believe a football team could be as screwed up as the New York Giants were. There was no team unity. Nobody trusted anybody else. It really shook me, especially since I came from Green Bay.

I can't think of anybody on the Packers I didn't like. There wasn't anybody you wouldn't have over to your house. If somebody got in trouble, everybody would help. It was, What do you want me to do? You could say, Look, I'm in a spot, could you take care of this for me? And if they couldn't, they knew somebody who could. It would get done.

In New York, forget it. On the Giants, it was I've got this to do and I've got that to do and why don't you call somebody else. There was a general distrust by everybody of everyone else on the team. I'd never seen anything like it. It wasn't at all like the "family" Lombardi taught the Packers to be.

It wasn't any mystery to me why the Giants were losing: I knew what it took to have a winning team. So I tried the best I could to help get the Giants together. You have to do what you think is right. So I tried, and I got suspended.

The club was full of cliques, the most significant being the Tucker Frederickson clique. Tucker was the great running back. That's all I heard—how Tucker could do this and Tucker could do that, and I haven't seen him do anything yet. For most people, Tucker was easy to like because he was always having parties and it was someplace to go and there were always broads there. Except I'm the kind of guy who asks, What are you doing for the team?

Then there was the omnipotent Wellington Mara. As Red Smith said, "Wellington was born naked into the world and had to inherit everything he has," namely, the New York Giants' football team, and he's playing it to the hilt. Who does he think he is? He's never been on a football field except to put on his New York Giant sweat shirt and run around and do 10 sit-ups and go to banquets and say, I'm Wellington Mara of the New York Football Giants, my father was a hookie, that's how I got to be the president of the team.

When he fired Allie Sherman as coach, Wellington told the team, "The reason we're not winning football games is because we have 40 bad football players." Who is this guy to be telling us we're bad football players?

Wellington had the players so uptight they were afraid to relax for fear they might say the wrong thing. One of the first things I was told when I got to the Giants was that if you use a four-letter word and Wellington hears you, you're in trouble. He wanted 40 professional football players to act like a Girl Scout troop.

It's no wonder I got into trouble right away. We were at training camp at Fairfield, Conn. Every Wednesday night there was a cookout. Instead of having a meeting, we would sit around and drink beer and grill steaks—a cozy team get-together.

This one night I was sitting there and this girl I'd met walked by and I invited her to come and have a beer with us. I didn't think anything about it. Well, you just wouldn't believe the noise I got for doing that.

During practice the next day three or four players said, "Boy, are you in trouble."

"What did I do now?"

"You had that girl sit down at your table last night."

I said, "Get outta here."

They said, "No, seriously, Wellington doesn't like that."

"You gotta be kidding me."

They said, "No, man, you're in trouble. You better go over to Allie and apologize."

Then Sherman came over and said, "I

continued

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want to talk to you about last night."

I said, "Are you kidding me? You're telling me I'm in trouble because I invited a girl to come sit down with me? Nothing happened. All we did was sit there and talk. There were 58 guys there. And I'm in trouble?"

Allie said, "Well, she's an outsider and we have to lock in when we come out here to Fairfield. This is a team function and we don't want outsiders." One of Allie's favorite expressions was, "We're gonna lock in." Another was, "We're not gonna cop out." All you'd have to say to anybody who ever played under Allie is lock in and cop out, and he'd automatically know who you were talking about.

I said, "You're serious about this, aren't you? I'm in trouble because I talked to a girl?"

"I think you owe an apology to the team and to Mr. Mara," he said.

"O.K., who do you want me to apologize to first?"

So the next day I got everybody's attention in the locker room and I made my apology speech. "I was thoroughly ignorant," I told them, "that I made a boo-hoo. I want it known right now that I hereby apologize to all of you for bringing an outsider into your midst."

I kept a straight face. I can do that once in a while. But they laughed. And that was a no-no, too. You're not supposed to laugh. So I guess I got the blame for that, too.

Later I went over to Mara's room and apologized again. I explained to him that I didn't realize we were all locked in and couldn't see anybody from the outside world. I told him there were no ulterior motives, that the girl was somebody from Milwaukee, where I lived at the time, that she was at Fairfield taking some classes and didn't know anybody, and that I was trying to do something nice for someone, a stranger in a new place, and because of that I was suddenly in a whole world of trouble.

So he says, "That's all right. We realize you probably didn't know what the rules are. We just don't want it to happen again, Steve."

So I tried. I was on my best behavior for the rest of camp, yet somehow I still managed to get in trouble. For one thing, Rosey Brown, the old lineman, was coaching the tackles, and he didn't agree with the way I played my position.

I played four years at Green Bay, where I was taught how to play football by someone I consider the greatest offensive tackle ever, Forrest Gregg. Now Rosey was, to say the least, not the quickest or the most agile of tackles. Strong, yeah, he could take on anybody. He believed in brute strength. I believed in quickness and finesse, because there was no way in the world I was going to take on a guy who weighed 280 and handle him physically. I'll take him out one way or another, but I'm not going to try to outmuscle him because I'd lose. I knew this.

Rosey and I had different philosophies but I tried to play it Rosey's way. One day Allie came up to me and said, "Steve, I'd like to talk to you for a minute." I knew I hadn't been playing good football so I knew what he wanted to talk about. He said, "I don't want you to get excited. I don't want you to get nervous or anything. But if you don't play better football this next game, I'm going to trade you."

Beautiful. No problem, don't worry about it, don't get nervous, but I'll trade you while your name's still good. I'd been around long enough to know I could still play football but I was thinking, What happens if he tells this to a rookie?

I told Rosey that Allie wasn't satisfied with the way I'd been playing, and I wasn't either, and I was going back to playing the way I knew how. Rosey said, "O.K., but just remember one thing. If you get beat playing my way I can stick up for you. If you get beat playing your way, I can't say a word."

Did he think his word was going to save my job if I was getting beat? I said, "If I get beat, I get beat, whether I'm playing my way or your way. It doesn't make any difference. So I'd rather play it my way." He said, "O.K., but I warned you." Oh, man. But I started playing my kind of football and there was no problem there.

Things started getting disturbing on the Giants' first road trip, which was to Green Bay, ironically. When I was getting on the plane the guys asked me if I was married. I said, no, and they said O.K. you're all right then, because if you're married and Wellington sees you messing with one of the stewardesses he'll trade you tomorrow. And watch your language or you're in trouble. And don't talk about the game if we lose, because Wellington will be mad.

And since Wellington and his friends always sat right there in the middle of the players, this automatically created a feeling of tension throughout the back of the plane. In addition to this, a number of select players, like Tucker, always sat in first class. If I sat there it was made clear to me that, no, you can't sit there, that's my seat. Well, who says it's your seat? I'm going to play out there tomorrow just as much as you are and I'm 6'6" and you're only 5'10" and I'm going to be more comfortable here than I am back there in coach. Well, you can't sit here. All right, the hell with it, I'm not going to sit here and argue with you, I'll move. It was all really great for team unity.

That's one thing I did get changed with the Giants, at least temporarily. The thing I put across was that the press and the coaching staff and Wellington Mara and his friends ought to move up to first class with nothing but football players in the back so you could sit and talk, do what you want, bitch if you want, say anything you want and not have to worry about being overheard.

The whole bit was to get Wellington Mara away from the players so they could relax. Everybody voted on it and it passed. I think there were only two people who voted against it, good ol' Tucker Frederickson, who wanted to sit up in first class, and probably one of his friends who sat next to him. But that was it. Everybody else was for it. It worked fine the first trip, but the second trip here comes Wellington right back in the middle of things again. You couldn't stop him. After all, he's Wellington Mara and he owns the club, therefore he pays for the plane, therefore he sits where he wants to sit. I made it clear that he was the one key person I didn't want back with the players but, you know, there's a song by Judy Collins that goes, "I stood for the Union and I fought in the line, fought against the company, now who's

continued

This article is from the book "I'd Rather Be Wright," by Steve Wright with William Gildea and Kenneth Turan, published by Prentice-Hall.

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going to stand for me?" I found out who's going to stand for me, baby—ain't nobody, 'cause when I started getting in trouble I was all by myself out on the end of the plank.

Like my roommate Bruce Maher, whom I respected as a man and a football player. His goal was to get in his 10 years for the pension. We talked a lot about the problems and he said, "You know, I agree with everything you're saying 100% except for one thing. Don't expect me to back you up. I can't afford to get in trouble. I've got a wife and family and the whole bit."

Bruce was right. If anybody backed me up, he'd only get in trouble, and I didn't want that. Bob Lurtsema and I had always been friends and we used to help each other out as far as football was concerned, since he was a defensive tackle and we could exchange ideas. But Bob got benched, and I'd say it was for associating with me. I'm not saying I know this for a fact but I know that he was a good football player and there was no reason for him to be benched. So I just stopped hanging around with him. I told him why. I said forget it. We can get together away from here. I felt bad about it, and I also had to wonder how these people could play football with all this pettiness going on. The answer was, of course, they couldn't.

Even the few practical jokers we had on the team tended to avoid me. Like Ralph Heck, one of the linebackers. At training camp he'd wake everybody up about 10 o'clock at night and tell them there was a team meeting downstairs. Then he'd go back to bed. But after a while even he wouldn't mess with me. When I got suspended, only one player on the team telephoned me, Lurtsema. It had become just too dangerous to associate with me.

It got to the point that if anybody sought me out for advice or consolation or anything I warned them they'd be better off staying away from me. I told a number of rookies, like Don Herrmann, the wide receiver, "Stay away from me, kid. I'm trouble. You wanna stick around this team, don't mess with me." They found out I was telling the truth.

I remember Rich Buzin, because our lockers were next to each other and he'd always be talking to me. I'd say, "Don't talk to me, Rich, I don't want to get you in trouble." One day he asked me something on the field about playing tackle, and Rosey Brown was there. As I said before, Rosey and I didn't see eye to eye, and Rosey got mad because here was Rich talking to me. Rich, being a rookie and not knowing any better, said to Rosey, "I was just talking to my coach here," meaning me. That went over great.

Now, Tucker Frederickson. To me, he was dead weight. You talk about a star, talk about Paul Hornung or Bart Starr or Jim Taylor, they were something. But to be constantly told how great this football player was and never see him play football griped me. I guess the thing that really bugged me more than anything else was the attitude that, well, Tucker says it's so, so it must be so.

The big thing was the poker game at Tucker's on Monday night. Well, I don't gamble, so I didn't go. Automatically it was, "What's the matter with you? Come anyway." For what? To sit around? I got other things to do. On other teams if you say you don't want to do something, that's fine. On the Giants there had to be a reason why.

Once I went over to P.J. Clarke's with a friend, and there was a line. We wanted to look for somebody in the back room, but they wouldn't let us in. I could see Tucker inside so I told the maitre d', "Would you go over and tell Tucker Frederickson I'd like to see him for a second." I just wanted to walk in to see if I could find this friend. The guy spoke to Tucker and came back and said, "Mr. Frederickson says he can't see you, he's busy right now."

That's the way Tucker was. That's the way most of them were. They wouldn't go out of their way for you in the least. At Thanksgiving, the Giants gave each player a turkey or ham, but I got busted up in a game out in Los Angeles before Thanksgiving and spent three days in the hospital and two weeks flat on my back in my apartment after that, so I didn't get to pick mine up. I didn't think anything about it, figuring they thought I didn't feel like eating anyway and gave it to somebody else. About a week later Bobby Duhon called me and said, "Listen, we picked up your turkey for you. You can come get it any time."

I lived at 520 E. 72nd St. and Duhon lived with Scott Eaton at 420 E. 72nd, maybe 200 yards away, and they couldn't come that far. These were two of my teammates, they knew I got busted up, they knew I spent time in the hospital, they knew I was stretched out, and here they were 200 yards away with this frozen turkey that was probably completely thawed out by now, and it was, you know, come get your turkey.

That was typical behavior on the Giants. I was supposed to make a personal appearance once with a linebacker named Ken Avery. He lived on 84th and he said I'll pick you up at about quarter of nine. We were supposed to be there about 9:30. I was out on the street early, just in case. Quarter of nine passed, then nine, then 9:15, then 9:30. I finally caught a cab and got there about 10 o'clock. He never did show up. I saw him two days later and he said, "Oh, yeah, I decided not to go."

One night during training just about the whole team was out together at a place called the Surfside. I was talking to Avery. He was having his problems, because the coaches were trying to change his style. He was telling me that all he wanted to do was go out there and hit people, and I was saying that's what you have to do if you're a defensive player. You let your emotions go, so that you really go in there and punish somebody. On offense, you can't do that. There has to be some restraint. It takes a certain mental discipline to be an offensive player. But on defense, you just read the play and go in and knock the hell out of somebody. Avery said, "Yeah, but they keep telling me this ain't what they want me to do." I said, "You're gonna have to play your game, you can't play it somebody else's way."

About this time Fran Tarkenton came over and sat down and he started saying something about getting this team together, we gotta do this and we gotta do that. I said, "Well, O.K., that's beautiful, but you gotta get rid of these cliques around here." And he said, "There aren't any cliques on this team."

I said, "Fran, who are you trying to kid? Look, every team has its cliques, sure, but the way they're set up around here they're tearing the team apart." It's one thing to have friends—one group does what it wants to do, another does what it wants—but it's no good when one group shuts another out the way they did with the Giants. Tarkenton kept argu-

continued



ing that there weren't any cliques, and I said, "Don't be an ass. You know there are cliques, and they're tearing the team apart."

He got teed off and he left, and I went back to talking to Avery. But apparently Fran said something to Tucker as he went out, and Tucker came over and said, "What are you talking to this kid about?" I said, "Hey, nobody asked you over here. I'm sitting here talking with Ken. Nobody said a word to you about anything." He said, "I heard what you were saying. You were talking about cliques and that I'm bad for this club." I said, "I don't think I mentioned your name. Besides, Ken and I were talking about something else." I turned to Avery and said, "Hey, Ken, tell Tucker what we were talking about."

Ready for this? Avery said, "We were talking about cliques."

O.K., that's it. That's why nobody trusted anybody. That was what was tearing that team apart. I was trying to help Avery, trying to be nice, and he says, in effect, "The hell with you, I've got to stay in good with this guy."

Despite everything, I played well. The Giants' press guide for the following year, 1969, said, "One of the best trades the Giants made in recent years was the deal that brought Tackle Steve Wright (plus Linebacker Tommy Joe Crutcher) from the Green Bay Packers. Wright was a tower of strength, etc." You better believe none of that stuff appeared in the 1970 book.

Allie Sherman was a good football coach, as far as strategy and tactics were concerned. He just didn't handle people very well. I think his smallness, his slight build, were a hang-up with him. It was common knowledge that if Allie got mad at you and started chewing you out, you could stand your ground and back him into a wall. Everybody knew that, so it cost him respect from the players. They stepped on his inferiority complex, and this was his biggest problem.

With Allie, they used to have one bed check, two bed checks, three bed checks a night, stuff like that. One night they got my roommate, Bruce Maher. Bruce was always playing cards or talking in another room, never in his room where he was supposed to be. But this time he had a legitimate reason. One of his kids was sick and he was up on the third floor

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making calls to his home in Michigan. About 12:30 one of the coaches came in. "Where's Bruce? Not here? O.K., tell him to come down and see me when he gets back."

I guess it was about 1:30 when Bruce came in, and he had to go down and, like a little kid, tell the coaches where he had been. The whole coaching staff was there, and Wellington, too. When Maher came back to the room, he said, "First time in my life I told the truth and nobody believed me."

That's how it was then, kid stuff. One time at camp, Allie decided to put on the whole bag for us. He got a hall and he hired a band and a couple of acts, including a magician. Beautiful. You're going to have a good time and that's an order. But no girls. They had a six-piece band playing and there isn't a chick in the place, not one. Forty guys sitting there going, oh boy, wow, come on, honey, you wanna dance? It was *Stalag 17* all over again.

There was no way there could be a girl around. That wouldn't be locking in, would it? Pete Gent came to the Giants that year and he showed up at training camp with the girl he later married. She stayed at a motel nearby but, even so, Pete was guilty of not locking in. It wasn't the proper thing to do, according to the Giants, and I have to believe that his bringing his girl friend up there had something to do with his being cut. He told me that Wellington gave him a line like "Pete, we think you're one of our best receivers. We've been watching you and you're doing fantastic. But we're gonna cut you anyway."

We really did lock in before the first Giants-Jets game, the exhibition in the Yale Bowl, the first game ever played between the two teams. The Jets had waited for this for years. And Wellington had kept them waiting. The Giants had not only refused to play the Jets, they wouldn't admit the Jets existed. And then, when they finally did play, the Jets were the world champions. Everybody on the Giants was very uptight. We were told not to say a word about the game. Allie said, "If I see anything in the paper, I'll cut you, I'll trade you in a minute. Don't give 'em a thing to work on. It's just another football game. We're gonna lock in and we're not gonna cop out."

continued



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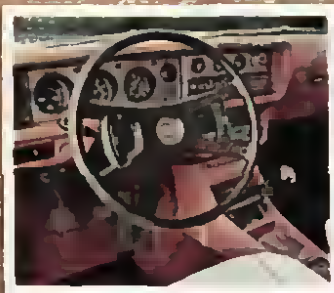
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So when anybody talked to a Giant, the Giant would say, "It's just another game, just an exhibition. We're not going to do anything different."

Meanwhile, the Jets were saying, "We'll kill 'em. We're going to annihilate 'em. We're going to eat 'em up and spit 'em out."

So we finally played and we did get annihilated, 37–14. The following Tuesday we're looking at the films when Allie came up with the most fantastic explanation of what happened.

"All right, you guys," he said. "We got beat, and you know why we got beat? You see that? Look at their bench. They're all sitting down. Look at ours. We're all standing up. That's why we got beat. There's no organization on our bench. Nobody knows what's going on. Look at them. Everybody's in the right spot."

He was dead serious. We lost the game because we stood up on the sideline. He also told us, "Incidentally, Wellington Mara says he's never been so hurt in all his life." It made tears come to your eyes. And this was the team that was saying it was just another game.

It just wasn't a professional operation. Wellington's friends were always around, and so were Wellington's kids. The kids would chase each other and play tag in the locker room the day of the game. A half hour before the game, they'd be chasing each other and throwing chalk back and forth. It was unreal. And at training camp, Wellington would be out there walking around with a little notebook jotting down notes.

It was a frightening atmosphere to be involved in. When we went up to Minnesota for a game I took along a tape recorder. I went to the locker room early to get taped and I set up the recorder and put on some music, just relaxing before the game. But in walked Allie and said, "What are you doing with that?" I said, "I'm listening to the music," which seemed like a reasonable answer. "We didn't come here to listen to music," he said. "Turn that thing off." Nobody had complained about the music. Nobody had protested. But that was life on the Giants. You never knew what you could do or not do until you were told you had done something wrong. Then you were in trouble.

It was grim, and the closer Allie came to being fired the longer and longer the practices became. I used to say things like, "Let's set a record, let's go for an all-timer and make it three hours today." Talk about tension, whew! By this time Allie was just as much of a problem as Wellington.

We lost our first four exhibitions in 1969 and then flew up to Montreal to play Pittsburgh. This was our last exhibition and, as it turned out, Allie Sherman's last game as head coach. We lost 17–13, and the Canadians in the stands were chanting, "Goodby, Allie." Some were saying it in French—"*Bon soir, Allie.*"

When we got back to the locker room, everybody was screaming at everybody else. We decided to hold a players' meeting right there and then, so all the coaches and Wellington Mara were asked to leave.

I started it off. I said how stupid it was for a team with so much talent to be so uptight. I said nobody can be a man on the field if he isn't a man off the field, that everybody ought to be able to relax wherever he is. I said, "It's really ridiculous when you're afraid to say — in the locker room because there might be somebody standing behind you who could hear it and you might lose your job for saying it."

And with this, Fran Tarkenton jumps up and says, "That's right! If you want to say – , say —— ——! —— ! ——!" It was hysterical.

Then he made a speech, something like "We're all men here and we're sick and tired of losing these games and everybody being afraid of who's standing behind you or who's sitting in front of you or anything else. We've got a good football team and you ought to be able to say what you want to say. Don't you all agree?" And everybody chimed in, "Yeah, yeah."

But, really, watching Fran get emotional was like watching a Looney Tunes cartoon. He just wasn't convincing. I mean, he was slamming stuff down and kicking things around, and he probably convinced some of them, but to me, he was just politicking. It just seemed like the right time for him to get up and say something, so he did.

In any case, the next morning Wellington fired Allie.

Alex Webster took over, and he was more relaxed. Alex was liked by the guys

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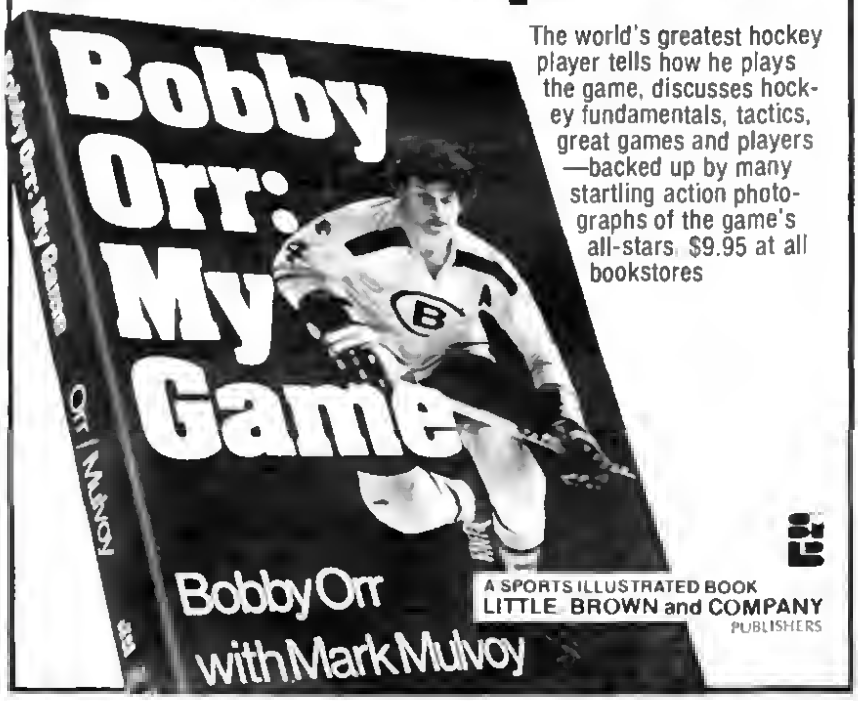
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because he had played football for the Giants and was one of their alltime greats. He just wanted you to play football, and that was it. But he wasn't a head coach, or at least not my idea of a head coach. To me, a head coach is one who takes command, decides what to do and then delegates the job of doing it right to his assistants.

It was just the reverse with Alex. The assistants did the planning and funneled their ideas through him. He was more of a cheerleader, a figurehead. He would get up in front and say, O.K., we gotta do this or we gotta do that, or I'm proud of you guys or I'm teed at you guys, and then the rest of the coaches would take over. Maybe this was because he took over the team the week before the season opened and didn't have a chance to change things.

I got an inkling of what was going to happen to me after an incident with Rosey Brown during the second game of the season. I had started the first one and got banged up, so I was on the sideline wearing street clothes. Suddenly Rosey came up to me there on the sideline and accused me of disrupting the team. He said, "Don't talk to any of the guys." I said, "O.K." The Giants were shut out that day and I guess I was a handy guy to take it out on.

This went on for a couple more games I wasn't playing, I was on the inactive list. It kills you not playing, it tears your guts out. I wanted to be playing, to be part of the team. When I was sitting up in the stands I'd leave five minutes early, ahead of the crowd, and go down to the locker room to be there when the guys came in. It was just pride. I wanted the team to know I was there, even though most of them didn't give a damn about me. One Friday, before a Monday night game in Dallas, I asked Alex if he was planning to activate me. He said he didn't know yet. I asked him when he would know. He said, "Why?"

I said, "My daughter's birthday is this weekend and I'd like to go see her in Green Bay."

He said, "As it stands now, no, we're not going to activate you."

I said, "All right, then I'm going to take off to Green Bay."

He said, "All right."

So I took off. The Giants lost Monday night, I get back on Tuesday and the

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first thing I hear is that I'm fined $750. For what? I went to see Alex.

He said, "Where were you?"

I said, "What do you mean 'where was I?' I told you I was going to Green Bay."

"Yeah, but I didn't think you were leaving then."

"I told you I was."

"You just can't take off like that. What would have happened if somebody had gotten hurt?"

"That's why I asked."

"I don't want to talk about it anymore." That was it. It cost me $750.

The Giants were in the middle of a seven-game losing streak when I was finally activated. We were in St. Louis and the Cardinals were beating the hell out of us, 42–17. I was sitting on the bench next to Spider Lockhart. It's the fourth quarter with only a couple of minutes to go. All of a sudden I hear them calling my name. It's Rosey Brown saying, "Go on in." I said, "You're kidding me." He said, "No, go ahead in." I looked at Spider and he has a big grin on his face. He said, "They gotcha."

I put on my helmet, thinking a lot of good this is going to do. As I walked by Alex I said, "What do you want me to do, Coach, win it or just tie it up?"

Then, on Nov. 19, I walked into the clubhouse and my locker was cleaned out. You think Mother Hubbard's cupboard was bare, you should have seen that locker. I found Alex and he said I had been "suspended indefinitely for conduct detrimental to the Giants and to professional football."

My first reaction was, "What did I do?" I honestly didn't know.

"I don't want to talk about it," he said.

"You're suspending me indefinitely and you don't want to talk about it? You don't want to tell me why?"

"I told you I don't want to talk about it."

I was so mad I had tears in my eyes. I was ready to go at it with Alex right there. But for some reason—I'm glad of it, whatever it was—I turned around and walked out.

Suspended. My name was being blackened all over the place and I didn't even know why. All kinds of rumors were circulating. They had me throwing my helmet through a window, throwing matches at people in the locker room, even smoking under my helmet on the field. A friend of mine called from Milwaukee and said the reporters out there were saying I had gotten into a fist fight and punched out Alex. Incredible.

It was two weeks before I found out why I had been suspended and—sure enough—there wasn't any reason for it. It stemmed from a team meeting. We had lost five straight, and Alex started talking about people with bad attitudes.

"You're one, Wright. You really think you're king, don't you? You really don't care what happens to the New York Giants, do you?"

I said, "No, that's not right."

But Wellington, who was at the meeting, only heard me say, "No." He didn't hear the rest of the sentence, or at least he said he didn't. And that's why I was suspended—because Wellington thought I said, no, I didn't care what happened to the New York Giants.

I had a meeting with Wellington, and he started telling me he didn't understand why my attitude was like it was. Then he told me Rosey Grier used to lie down in meetings and sleep. I said, "I never fell asleep in a meeting." He said, "No, but you know what I mean." I said, "No, I don't. Tell me what you mean."

He said, "Didn't you say you didn't care what happened to the Giants?"

"No," I said, "I never said that in my life and I never would."

"I heard you say it," he said.

"I don't know what you heard but I know what I said and there are other people who heard what I said, too."

But those people never came up and said what they heard, except to me privately. Tarkenton was only a couple of feet away and he heard what I said, but I never heard a word from him.

I decided to call a press conference to tell my side of the story, but then a number of things fell into place. I met with Wellington and with the players' committee, and I was told I was going to be reinstated. So, by accident, it turned out to be a counter-press conference. I scooped the Giants. I announced I was being reinstated, and that blew Wellington's mind again. He decided then that he was going to get rid of me, and he did, even though it took him until the following summer.

I may have been reinstated, but I was never reactivated. I never played another game for the Giants. **END**

LONE WATCH IN A GOLD-FOBBED FOREST

For one brief hunt the clock was turned back to a time of coherence before Dey-Glo hordes plundered the herds ***by MASON SMITH***

Every hunter I knew was gaunt about the ribs. Socially, they were inattentive. The deer hunting in the Adirondacks had been awful.

The sport long ago became another witless mass diversion automatically performed in the autumn by droves of the wrong people, a meaningless, commercialized, anachronistic, habitual indulgence, an annual all-points diddle of women, employers, the deer, ourselves. We've learned to live with the mob wheezing and hacking about the woods in search of a hood ornament.

The past several years, but this year, especially, there didn't seem to be any deer. People quit asking each other, "Got your buck yet?" They assumed not. If somebody did get one, he didn't brag. His buck only emphasized the scarcity of others. He parceled out the meat for his friends.



I waited for snow and cold, hoping the deer would start to move, thus making tracks, thus proving their existence. My old hunting area, the hills around Lake Ozonia, had been sold and divvied up—leased, anyway. I trespassed a little with the natives, leaving the posted country to the lessees on the weekends. They probably don't even know where their lines are. Ambrose Stark kept saying we would put one in the kettle. Day after day we saw nothing, not even a doe.

One man I talked to had simply quit. Said he wasn't hunting because there weren't enough deer in the woods. He is glaringly unique to react so logically. Most of us hunt deeper and longer, not less.

Earl Hazen, for example. He has 60 cows to milk night and morning, and his hunting club is an hour away. His whiskers grow, schoolboys come over icy roads on bicycles to do the chores, the corn ground goes unplowed. He sees a buck at last, misses with the first shot, and his gun, neglected, jams. He cleans and oils it, then tries it on a coy-dog pouncing after rodents way off at the top of the pasture, misses, but the weapon reloads properly. He resumes. The schoolboys milk without him.

I felt like Earl about hunting—it had to remain credible. Surely deer existed in the big private holdings hereabouts. Kildare, Whitney, St. Regis, Litchfield, Rockefeller. These tracts of Adirondack forest must provide hunting with the old coherence, craftsmanship, romance. I wanted a few thousand acres to myself, that was all. I would seek an invitation; meanwhile, not to miss a chance, Earl took me to Madawaska Club.

Until around 1940 most of the St. Regis Paper Company land that lay northwest of the town of Saranac was open hunting. But the taxes rose, and St. Regis posted its land, forcing the hunters to lease. To retain the right to hunt a little of the area they used to roam, Thurm Hazen and some local men formed a club to lease 3,300 acres bordering Madawaska Pond. They bought a demonstration Quonset off the grounds of the St. Lawrence County Fair, hired a camp cook, put in a phony telephone to see how guests react when told their wives are calling, and have been hunting together almost 30 years, fathers and sons and friends.

The older men are more cheerful, louder than the young. They have not darkened over the lack of deer. Their poker is rough. Their talk is profane and clean. They appreciate each other. This year a white leghorn rooster is at large in the camp.

Earl and I and Gary, another guest, arrive before first light. Earl slips into the dark Quonset to write down where we are hunting. The rooster goes berserk in the pitch-black bunk room. We can hear it from out there in the pickup. Earl brings out a blob of whiteness in his arms and spills it by the woodpile. Later, two miles deep along the Ross line, we hear it crow for dawn. This trail is a boundary with wealth—across it is a 23,000-acre private park. Deep in, there is a stretch of swamp and timber knolls where deer cross from Madawaska to feed on hardwood slopes.

It is chilly, the leaves are soaked, no snow. Earl has been gone two hours on his dogged quest, forgetting us, it seems. I move along. The line trail is a window in the dark trees where Gary's back slants across the light-brown grasses of the swamp beyond.

His position and color are odd, and I lift my small binoculars. The back drops behind a large moss-covered rock and the head comes up with that lacy canoe of horns, and I say to myself that is not Gary, that is a buck. Not Gary. Buck. Buck, huck, buck.

Not inaccessible and potent as on tavern walls; angelic and sweet, he walks toward me, low-headed, idle. I'm still seeing Gary in him, because where the hell is Gary otherwise? I can't shoot. It's exactly where I meant Gary to be. The eyepieces rattle against my spectacles. Broadside for an instant, he steps up onto Ross and out of sight.

Last night we looked in the record book. Through the '40s and '50s Madawaska hunters took around 28 bucks a year, and there was never a shortage of camp meat. In the early '60s, only 15 to 20 deer were killed. In recent years, six or seven. So far this year (1973), three.

Tonight is the occasion of an annual dinner. A biologist from the neighboring estate brings over a bag of smoked trout and joins the club for a venison stew and an evening of poker. The old cook roasts a turkey.

For 20 years the state told us we had too many deer. The woods were overbrowsed. We had to kill back the animals and let the winter range recover. To the bewilderment of most northern Adirondack hunters, who had seen the same winter range support twice as many deer and could not imagine how a scientist who was awake and out of doors could now locate too many, the state authorized a massive harvest of does. Old-fashioned woodsmen limited themselves to bucks as before, but the Day-Glo hordes and poachers were willing enough. The plan was working. The deer became tragically scarce. Then came three bitter winters in a row, ending with the catastrophic snow of 1971-72. What the state had just accomplished, the climate did a second time over.

There is a mystery. Deer breed young and twin more often than not; they have the potential to increase by more than 50% a year. The winters since 1972 have been exceptionally mild and there is plenty of feed. But the herds haven't recovered. It's as if the deer were failing to breed. This year it has been hard to tell when, or whether, the bucks were in rut.

I'm invited to hunt for two days on the private lands of the St. Regis Paper Company. The Sunbeam Club, 14,000 acres used by salesmen and customers. Maybe it's different there.

Driving the Blue Mountain Road before light I follow the slow-moving white car of a well-known poacher's wife. She will look for her sign, perhaps an empty six-pack carton hanging in a tree. No one will bother her. If her man has any game, it will probably have been shot between the eyes. The hunter from downstate who buys it to take home may overlook this evidence that the deer was taken at night with a flashlight held along the barrel.

A mile in from the Sunbeam gatehouse three slightly rustic buildings stand at the edge of a still-water stretch of the St. Regis River. A generator drones in the powerhouse. Two deer hang from the buck pole. The manager, Stanley McVean, and four guides are having breakfast, served

continued

by two women in white. In a pine-paneled room beyond, with a warm fire, stuffed fisher, bearskin, deerhead, gun rack, radio giving the weather (it will drizzle), the host salesman and his guests in socks, wool pants and thermal tops are drinking Bloody Marys. I am told a hunting story off the hat:

"You see those deer out there? See the smaller one? Burt here shot it. Went to get it, had only one horn. Went to drag it, horn came off. Looked at the horn:



covered with velvet. Guide goes to dress the deer, and the deer is a lesbian."

I am handed an ashtray from the mantel, with a skinny, seaweedy six-inch antler in it, a horned doe. It seems a bad start.

We breakfast in another sitting, never seeing the guides or discussing the plan of the day, praise the indifferent scrambled eggs and go out with jackets, hats, gloves, rifles, some with day-hiking packs, and pile into a school bus.

Wait a minute. A school bus? Inside the humphacked blue-and-yellow vehicle a sign is stenciled: NO EATING ON BUS. Frankly this type of travel seems a little metropolitan.

But for such hunting, tight, linked, uniform drives with minimum opportunity for the loss of the large accounts, it is the cat's pajamas. McVean will drive along the roads, stop at a runway, say, "Gimme a scope" or "Brush gun," and to the hunter who clambers forward. "Get up on that knoll. Deer will be coming from over here." Then he drives on 200 feet and places the next man. Well, I think, these guys aren't really rich. They're customers.

But on my first watch, after a comfortable half hour of stillness, the deer explode, running, pausing, turning. Seven pass me. Thirteen are seen. On the second drive, two. On the third I see four, weaving under high ledges before me, shouldering together, overrunning each other, finally rock-scrambling up like mountain sheep, knocking down flints that clatter like a bunch of tin plates.

The impression is of things belonging, completing the warm wet day on long hillsides under the pillars and crowns of large poplars. You sense the weight, breathing, warmth of the deer, you see briefly into their lives—even if you do it exactly as a doorman. By God, it is good to see the creatures in this quantity.

The total count is more than 30 deer, many of them seen by five or six of us. But that's much fewer than five years ago, and no bucks. Some of us walk in after the last drive, and I talk with McVean about the herd.

Terrible. No deer. This was exceptional today. He doesn't blame the winters. He blames the doe permit and the night hunters. The state is responsible for both. The doe permit is some desk rider's dimwit idea, not applicable to this area of the Adirondacks [the state finally realized this, and as of the 1974 season no longer issues such permits], and the poaching goes unpunished.

Stan used to enjoy catching poachers and running them in. "Hunting men is twice as exciting as hunting deer," he claims. "But you can't be afraid to pull a gun on them, and that's just what I am now." Liable to end up talking to a judge himself for threatening human life or some damn thing.

The state people tell him that after all, this is like Appalachia. Venison's about the only meat some people get. It makes a difference. The warden here, great big guy, is afraid of nothing, but he doesn't enforce the law. And these other clubs along the road can't even agree to hire somebody to patrol it.

I am thinking that poaching is more than inevitable in the Adirondacks. It's built in, induced, by the pattern of land ownership. Between the rich and the state there's not much left. The native hamlets scavenge at the edges of great wildernesses—either the 2¼ million acres kept forever wild by state constitution or the million and a third acres owned by, to pick an arbitrary cutoff number, the largest 50 landowners. That takes us down to plots as small as eight square miles.

The guests at Sunbeam seem worried about me, as if I were part of the native infrastructure. Who is this bird with the moth-poached doublet and the Remington .30? The last time the Maryland judge saw one of those guys was when he was in the FBI! A man keeps asking me, "What's the gist of your article, I mean what is the *gist* of the piece going to be?" He isn't satisfied with "Whatever develops." Leaning out of the gin rummy game, he gives me the theme himself, in case I am not *comme il faut*:

"Deer hunting's deer hunting. The same everywhere. For rich or poor. The rich don't have it any better than the poor. Isn't that right, Pierre?"

I do realize that I earned this hunter's permanent boredom by asking if the full-length one-piece stock of his Finnish rifle, so smooth and shiny, were plastic. And

continued



A child is someone who passes through your life, and then disappears into an adult.

Of all the people and things in your life, children are perhaps the best indicators of how quickly time passes.

All the clichés are true. They *do* grow up before your very eyes. They *are* little girls one moment, and college students the next.

And one day before you know it, your child becomes someone different, a full-fledged person with a life and a future all her own.

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Of course, nobody can say exactly what *will* happen in the future. But whatever does, it's nice to know your child will be ready for it.

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then whether the same firm also made digital wristwatches. Dear me, what boo-boos.

But he may have spoken the truth. In another day of hunting at Sunbeam eight hunters and five guides saw about 17 deer, but only one shot was fired, possibly not at an angelic boy. It was the hunter next to me who fired. He broke a leg on a deer that had just passed my test for does: I couldn't put horns on it, as the saying goes. Whatever sex, the deer bled badly and lay down, but got up when the guides went after it and ran right on out of two drives arranged to trap it. The head guide said it would live, till winter, anyway. The broken leg was swinging toe arcs in the snow. No one exaggerated the importance of the thing.

I was glad enough to leave. The Sunbeam woods are very, very fine, but I am not at home with the men. Their conversation is built with jokes, like blocks. They call up their wives at night. They drink as if habitually, without boisterousness. If hunting is a high point in their year, they don't show it.

I realize that all my life I have thought of deer hunting as something that would end. Someday it would be a thing you couldn't just choose to do. As a youth I had not felt I was learning something I would always do in the fall, but learning, before I lost the chance, something people *used* to do.

It surprised me then to discover that I was wrong, and that instead of ending, it would go on and on, mostly as a mode of consumption perfectly characteristic of the new times: managed. It isn't saved, it's changed. And so it doesn't exactly fill the need for something continuous. That is why I yearn to hunt alone in a trackless wilderness.

The end of the season is practically here. Kildare refuses. Whitney refuses. Of course they do. The last thing they want is publicity. What do you think they own all that land for? A reporter is an arm of the assessor.

One day of coherence would be enough, one day of the simple and natural and timeless activity hunting surely must be. Not as a tool of the state to prevent overbrowse, not as an arm of the timber lobby, not as part of the team, not as a client, not as a poacher. I still don't know if hunting is for plain men to *do* any more. I make one last contact, with huge, castled, 28,000-acre Litchfield Park. And the answer surprisingly is, "Come on in."

Litchfield is sure it is right—on land, on timber, on wildlife, on recreation—and glad to have us know it. In the big new steel garage that services Liparco's green Brockway trucks and yellow Pettibone loaders, John Stock, the forest supervisor and a timber-tax expert, explains with the brevity and decision of a man to whom questions have answers:

"Timber growth in a year is about 60¢ an acre. Taxes are around $1.25. You can't grow timber profitably. That's one side. Then there are the deer. Studies show that if you have 40 deer per square mile, you get about 150 seedlings per acre of the kind that make good timber. If you have 20 deer per square mile, you get 14,000."

Liparco solves the dual problem of taxes and seedling survival by leasing about 18,000 acres to 15 small clubs. The rent helps to pay the taxes (until recently paid all the taxes), the hunting controls the deer population and all the year-round recreational benefits of ownership are extended to others, which is socially good, morally right and not bad PR. The deer harvest on Litchfield is currently eight times what it is on state land, and the bucks are very large and fat. There are about 10,000 acres the company doesn't lease and hardly anybody hunts. Be at the garage at seven sharp, and Stock will take me up on the mountain.

Somehow I've got to steady myself until dawn. I go over to Ray Brook to talk to state officials, to hear their side of the argument over the lack of deer. I might finally take sides, with the scientists or with the hunters. I have an idea who is right, but I don't like the idea. I know that the 19th century tradition of plenty is the obverse of an actual record of careless slaughter. Venison all year. Washtubs of trout.

The wildlife biologist dares to tell me that his name is Greenleaf Chase. I am sure that any policy he believes in is innocent and good. He admits to being an author of the policy of killing back the herd, and estimates that it was carried on about three years too long. The principle is right however. Proof is that starvation in 1971-72 was *worst* on the large private tracts which were underhunted, and the recovery there is slowest. Kildare Club, for example: only 14 men hunting 9,000 acres and only *two* bucks killed so far this year.

The deer will come back. It takes time. The feed had to come back first. But each of the next few years there'll be more. The state game managers would like to educate us to accept killing does and bucks more equally. They would like us to give them the power to regulate the kill as state wildlife officials do in the West, in close local detail, by natural deer areas; even to provoke a harvest, in remote country, by incentives if necessary. It is still blurred for me. I think I see circles in the reasoning that are just about as Malthusian as nature's.

The whole mountain, down to the dark, still water of Jenkins Pond, is within cloud. The light changes eerily. Somewhere a Liparco generator is running—probably at that Bavarian farm with the gambrel roofs, hipped gables, bottoms buried in slopes, that suddenly appeared and vanished on the road in. Over the mountain to the north a chain saw makes long cuts.

Splendid brood trees—giant pines and hemlocks, birches 30 inches through—rule a forest of descendants. Their antiquity, and the deep green mosses, and the single boathouse on the two-mile pond, give this forest an air in common with the towered Litchfield castle somewhere farther in, its great hall full of mounted heads, and with the heroic sculptures of elk and deer on granite pedestals at the gates out near the highway. If a forest can seem gold-fobbed, embossed, this does.

I trust it is all in my mind. I'm alone on two square miles of perfect country. The single day ranges ahead, ample as an ocean. Somewhere near 10 o'clock (I don't wear a watch, the sun is lost and the light in the forest fluctuates mysteriously) I stand near one of the two tops of the 2,400-foot hill that shelters the pond on the north. A wind flows up through the dripping fog. Slowly I zip my jacket.

Below me, out of sight and hearing at that moment, a deer approached. Since first light, probably, he had been com-

continued


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ing from the swamps this side of Buck Mountain, alone. He ignored the other deer below the ledges. He wasn't following a track.

He passed under the other, higher hill, and between it and a separate green knob where, over granite caves, stalactites of ice dripped noisily. Occasionally an icicle broke off and clattered down with a sound you could mistake for a great tree cracking its hinge as it fell.

Almost silently I unwrapped a Peanut Butter Cup.

Neither of us knew what was coming. The deer must have looked (like me) not nohly masculine but foolish and sad, cursed with filigrees of mortality about his head. Both of us were feeding, listening, going somewhere very carefully.

I slowly crumpled the paper, put it in my pocket, brought up the gun from between my knees, slid the safety back off and moved.

It might have been a couple of horses getting up on hard ground and clomping away. I could hear his lungs drive air out, almost voiced, higher every stride, like a trolley speeding up, as if his fear increased each time his feet struck, loud as the clank of gears. Back down his old track in six bounds, he heaved himself off, up a steep ravine over the notch.

Then the shrouding raining silence of the woods. Hindsight. Notes for self-improvement. For example, run. But it was impossible to regret. The heaviness, the loudness, the nearness, the voice, finally the incredible fact that staring down that slope I could not see him.

I moved respectfully all day. All the deer had gone north. Jenkins Pond at four was utterly still. It seemed separated in time, belonging to itself. I don't want to describe it. I walked a mile back to the car. I thought of unloading my rifle by trigger, as on a Saturday night in the Last Chance Saloon.

I stripped to the waist, washed with snow, dried with a towel from the pack and put on clean shirts. I was elated. Elated that hunting is hunting, as the man who killed the horned doe said. That for another year I wouldn't have to give it up. Elated not to be divided, except by writing, from the men drinking beer and shooting pool and telling about their hunting experiences up on the hackside of Rockefeller, in the poor, bleary bars of Tupper Lake. END

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Hank Aaron



Q. With words like "inflation" around, do words like "luxury, performance, and economy" mean anything?

It seems the tighter the money, the looser the language. And these days the word "luxury" is almost as inflated as the dollar.

The fact is, the Audi® 100LS actually is a luxury car at a reasonable price. It handles so easily and rides so smoothly you'd simply expect it to cost much more.

Basically, for one reason: German engineering and craftsmanship.

Specifically, for reasons like these: seats that are orthopedically designed to fit to the body and to help prevent fatigue; so much legroom and headroom you can stretch out even if you're well over 6 feet; front-wheel drive; front disc brakes; rack-and-pinion steering; independent front suspension.

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"Luxury, performance and economy," even in times like these?

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*Mileage based on German Industry Standards (DIN-70030).
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THIS WAY TO AN AUSTRIAN HIDEAWAY

Skiers and other visitors have long regarded this land of Gemutlichkeit with special affection. Everybody loves St Anton and swinging Kitzbuhel, and Vienna is swell if you can stand all that pastry But while crowds of tourists jam the known spots and downtown Innsbruck takes on more and more an air of Grand Rapids, escape lies just around the corner of the nearest Alp High—and low—in the Austrian boondocks one can still discover perfect villages, open space and miles of uncluttered ski slopes Beginning with the view of Mayrhofen, at right, the pages that follow outline a backstage tour. Fittingly, the clothes are Austrian, in this case by Anba, and they are available in most ski-wear shops

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

The secret of Mayrhofen, in the valley of the Ziller, lies in the heavily firred trails above the town this skier makes the run in Anba's short-jacketed antiglis nylon suit





Humped up like a giant snowy sundae, the slopes of fiercely old-fashioned Serfaus are the best among those least known, the skier here schusses in total-stretch togs



Ski kindergarten king of all Austria, ebullient Ernst Spiaas assembles his costumed small fry for the parading that marks their part in the annual Fasching celebration


The serene village of Serfaus, where this happy visitor sports a new checkerboard sweater for après-ski, sternly shuns cars and insists on horse-drawn sleighs


PENSION
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FOOTLOOSE IN THE LAND OF THE 'KASERMANDL'

by WILLIAM O JOHNSON

Have you ever discussed life with a working yodeler? Have you heard about the doughty 14th-century Tyrolean Countess Margarete Maultasch, whose name in English (and, some say, her face in any language) translates as "mouth pocket"? Have you ever heard of that elusive Alpine critter called the *Kasermandl*? One can do, hear and perhaps even see all of these in the back valleys of Austria.

The front valleys will be getting all the attention at the peak of next ski season when the 1976 Winter Olympics come to Innsbruck in February. Tourists will swarm into Austria, since an Olympic season is always a fine time to combine spectating with a skiing vacation. But the crowds of the first can dim the joys of the second. The secret is to seize the best of both settings.

With the Olympics as a bonus, one either starts or stops at Innsbruck. For the rest of the trip, it is better to avoid the spots with the glossiest reputations and the flossiest accommodations. Stay away from the famous *pistes*, from sprawling St. Anton and swinging Kitzbuhel. Avoid the zing of Zürs, the bright lights of Lech. It is true that you will miss the spine-tingling thrill of plunging off St. Anton's grand peak, Valluga, and have to forgo the excited cries of the mating crowds at the tea dance in Kitzbuhel's Cafe Tenne. But in their place you can find more, much more, if you turn off the autobahn into some of the less celebrated villages of the Austrian Alps. Travel up the Zillertal, up the Valley of the Saal, up the Valley of the Inn, and you will come upon marvelous skiing trails and relatively unplumbed wells of charm in teeming Saalbach and tranquil Hinterglemm, in the ancient village of Serfaus, in the hustling tourist trap of Mayrhofen and the lovely glacial hamlet of Hintertux.

Saalbach lies in a valley truly blessed for skiing. A fine complex of runs and lifts rises on both sides of the Saal River, unmatched in sheer size and variety except by the greatest ski areas of Europe and America. The intricate interconnection of cable cars, chairs and T-bars zigzags upward, offering some 30 different lifts to well above the tree line. On a sunny day you may stand on the West Peak before an almost surreal array of mountain tops, a veritable sea of summits that surges off toward Switzerland, Italy and eternity. The runs from the West Peak are nearly as fine as the view, a steep and mogully descent down one side or a long, rolling journey down the other—down into trees, down for four miles or more to the gentle tourist village of Hinterglemm, deep at the end of the valley. There are many more trails above Hinterglemm, but first you might pause on the terrace of a restaurant, sun-splashed and cheery, and order a stein or two of beer and a shot of *Vogelbeerschnaps*. It may be that a nearby table of ruddy-faced fellows—visiting Rotarians from Salzburg? will burst into song, in perfect four-part harmony. It has been known to happen here.

Above Hinterglemm, on the east side of the valley, the skiing also is lilting and harmonious, open slopes falling prettily between stands of pine and old cow barns. There are several runs, none terribly hard, most of them the sort of dropping-waterfall trail that enlarges the ego and massages the soul. Each of them curls back down to the rustic village. From there, perhaps after another draught of that mystical Austrian beer, one rises on chairs again up the opposite side of the valley. Now it is sunset and you can ski back to Saalbach, a mile or two on apricot-tinted snow. There, in the wood-paneled *Stuberl* of the Hotel Kristall, you order a steaming mug of *Jäger* tea, the famed hunter's tea laced with rum and schnapps, and a bowl of whipped gorgonzola cheese and butter to spread on your breadsticks and toast.

All of this is easy enough, a mere exer-

continued

Crowded and colorful but still managing a modest privacy, Saalbach serves up extensive skiing by day and follows it with this festive panorama after dark

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cise in skiing hedonism, and it is readily available to anyone. But let us slightly broaden the perspective, add a different dimension to skiing in the hinter-valleys of Austria. Let us reach beyond sheer enjoyment for a deeper appreciation of what we have here, for folklore and history, Austrian peasant life and mountain superstition. Let us meet the Herr Doktor Ernst Scheibl.

Doktor Scheibl appeared unexpectedly early one morning at the Hotel Kristall. He was a burly bear of a fellow with a thick black beard, snapping dark eyes and a baggy green loden jacket that he almost never removed. Doktor Scheibl spoke superb English, was able to yodel quite well and eventually displayed an impressive grasp of Austrian history, rationalist philosophy, Alpine skiing techniques, schnapps "burning" (distilling at home), Renaissance art, all forms of discothèque dancing and countless tidbits concerning points of interest far off the beaten ski trails of Austria. He was called Doktor because of an Austrian custom honoring academic degrees below Ph.D. level (his were in philosophy and High German), and he had come, he said, from the national chamber of commerce in Vienna to help make a trip through Alpine back valleys more comprehensible with his translations, explanations and advice.

At breakfast Doktor Scheibl drank only black coffee and, while others ate, spoke pleasantly, with scholarly emphasis. "Since you are taking a ski tour not many Americans take, let me tell you a ski fact not many Americans know. Once upon a time, the story goes, there was one Countess Margarete Maultasch of the Tyrol. As it is told, in 1363 she was 45 years old and notoriously homely. Her name means 'mouth bag' or, as you might say, 'pocket mouth.' The countess married twice despite these handicaps, but in 1363 she bequeathed all of the Tyrol to a friend, Rudolph IV, of Austria's celebrated House of Hapsburg. This was a political, not a romantic, move. And thus much of the magnificent Alpine skiing for which Austria is now so famous came to us thanks to the wise decision of Countess Pocket Mouth. That is a fact little known outside of Austria."

Doktor Scheibl paused, as if waiting for questions, then rolled his eyes and said, "A pity, however, that it was not a matter of romance!" He yodeled softly to make his point.

Later that morning, skiing the endless runs above Saalbach under a golden Alpine sun, stopping occasionally to sink, beer in hand, into one of the dozens of canvas deck chairs set in rows in the snow, the Doktor fell into conversation with a tough old mountaineer named Hans. Hans was a native of Saalbach and long a guide, both winter and summer, in these Alps above the Saal River.

Doktor Scheibl asked him about the background of skiing in Saalbach. Hans replied, "When I got born there was no skiing in Saalbach, yet I am only 63. There was no ski lift in the whole valley until 1946. My first ski binding—ha, ha!—it was an old shoe of my father's nailed to my ski and laced tight to my foot. Until 20 years ago everyone in Saalbach was farmers. Now we are in the tourist business. Everyone. People don't use the Alps for farms or cows, not anymore, only for tourists."

"Tell me, then," said Doktor Scheibl, "are the *Kasermandls* gone too, if the farming has stopped?"

Hans exclaimed "*Kasermandls*! Nobody believes in *Kasermandls* now that we are in the tourist business. If *Kasermandls* were not good for milk cows, they are not good for tourists."

Doktor Scheibl explained, in his patient way, that *Kasermandls* were creatures no one ever saw. They were probably small and possibly green and had lived in the mountains for centuries, usually with the sole aim of doing dirty tricks to cows and cowherds. "You see," said Doktor Scheibl, "when a cowherd left his hut to go down the mountain, he left food for *Kasermandls* or they would cause the cows' milk to go sour, or to be spilled. Also, if a *Kasermandl* becomes angry at you, he will punish you by wiping his hands on a scorched frying pan, then wiping the dirt on your face, and you can never get it off. For life."

The sun shone brilliantly on the snow and the slopes were comfortably alive with skiers, some yodeling for the sheer ecstasy of the day. But Doktor Scheibl was in a deep brown study, frowning, stroking his beard. At last he said, "Hans is right, of course. *Kasermandls* would not be good for the tourist business. It was bad enough when the Austrian ski team was losing to the French a few years ago. Believe it or not, Austrian winter tourism suffered much because of that. And to think of *Kasermandls* tinkering with tourists besides—a disaster, more or less."

Someone suggested that possibly an Austrian ski team made up entirely of *Kasermandls* could solve all problems at once. Doktor Scheibl replied, "It is unnecessary. Tourism is up again now that the Austrian team is winning." He yodeled with delight, then said, "Believe it or not."



With Innsbruck and its Olympics as pure gravy, one can set up these satisfying side trips.

Though Saalbach lies in a relatively remote and beautiful valley, it is a village plainly in the tourist business. The steep and narrow streets are tied up in a perpetual traffic jam of creeping cars and jostling skiers, and there is an air of ski-bunny commercialism that becomes a mite heavy. At night, the swingers turn out in grand grinning armies to bob and throb on tiny dance floors in the velvet cellars of several hotels and cafés. There is plenty of 20th-century action in Saalbach, but there is a certain lingering Old World beauty, too. An onion-steepled

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17th-century church, its walls weathered to ocher by the mountain winds, is crammed inside from pulpit to balcony with the classic gilt gingerbread carvings and sculpture of the baroque style. And there are some gracious old restaurants, hotels and cafes. None is so fine as the café in the Hotel Bauer, with its red-shaded lamps, superb pastries and sharp espresso, its backsound of murmured conversations. A lovely "introspective place," as Doktor Scheibl put it, something out of 19th-century Munich.

Serfaus is a sleeping beauty of a village tucked away high above The Valley of the Inn River, way up where rock-seamed Peak Furgler looms at night. The sense of tranquillity and antiquity is profound. There are no cars moving through the streets, for at the village entrance stands a man with a lantern. When a car arrives, this sentinel at the gates stops the motorist and politely asks, in guttural, Tyrolean-accented German, whether the driver has a hotel room reserved. If the answer is no, the visitor is directed off the road and told that he must walk into Serfaus, for motorized traffic is unwelcome. If the answer is yes, the motorist is permitted to drive to his hotel and park, though not to drive the narrow streets again during his stay.

Thus the medieval serenity is maintained. Barns full of cows or horses stand next door to hotels and pensions. The faint odor of manure is in the air, along with the sounds of the bells of horse-drawn sleighs and the lilt of zither music from skating and curling rinks in the center of town. There is a magnificent ninth-century church, with a Madonna and Child said to date from the year 427. Serfaus, it is claimed, was a shrine for pilgrims of the fifth century and later for travelers bound for the Holy Land, and the stone remains of a Roman road wind through the area.

In other ways, too, Serfaus still seems to live in another century. Nearly every doorway in town, from the weathered old wood frames on barns to the gleaming new oak moldings of the hotels, bears the cryptic chalked notation 19 C✝M✝B✝ 74. What does it mean?

Doktor Scheibl said, "That is done all over the countryside for fear of ghosts on the loose. It is to protect the people who use the door from bad spirits. There is holy water involved, too."

There were also odd arrangements of dried wreaths of moss and flowers, with tiny mirrors, tacked upon some of the ancient barn walls. "That," said Doktor Scheibl, "has to do with the days from Dec. 24 to Jan. 6, a dangerous time of year when trolls and ghosts and *Kasermandls* are all around, but the letters C M B are initials of the three kings, and they will protect you. On the *Rauhnacht*, the rough night, it is believed that if you are in a stable at midnight without the animals knowing of your presence, they will be speaking among themselves. If you are able to overhear them talk, they will tell you what your future will be. However, if the animals discover that you are eavesdropping, you will die definitely within one year. This all dates from Germanic times. The mirrors on the wreaths are very important. If a bad ghost sees himself in the mirror he will be frightened by his own horrible appearance, and he will run away into the night."

There were no ghosts, no talking animals on the slopes of Serfaus, although there were lots of 19 C✝M✝B✝ 74s over the doorways of the café-huts on the mountain, where gourmand goulash is the specialty.

The skiing at Serfaus is, in a word, lovely. It is not difficult, only mildly daring and not half so dramatically flung out over vast square kilometers as at Saalbach. Much of the area is above the tree line, where the runs are creamy smooth, with slow moguls and magnificent scenery. On some days you can ride the T-bar 1,510 meters up the Planscgg through thick clouds, then emerge at the top in blue sky and sunshine, with all of Alpine Europe arrayed before you. Then you ski down, roller-coasting the moguls, out of the sunshine and down into the clouds again, as if on a plane dipping in to land through fog. Once the skies clear, skiing above the trees is endlessly pleasing as well, though perhaps too easy for most experts to enjoy for more than a couple of days. The only run that is marked expert lies just beneath old Peak Furgler. One slips off a chair lift onto a mountaintop arrival trail as desolate and lonely, on a normal weekday, as the top of Annapurna. Far across the valley, lying white and treeless below and beyond, are the Plansegg slopes, relatively crowded for Plansegg, though empty by comparison with the favorite tourist runs in the Alps. But up here, with old Peak Furgler gazing benevolently down, there is a rapturous sense of really skiing the Alps.

The presence of the mountains is absolute. There is no sense of humanity, of population, of mankind's mark. You drop down the Lazid trails, a bit mogully and quite steep, but clean and open. On your left, there are peaks and avalanche steeps where no one has skied and no one can. It is an exhilarating drop to the valley floor, where there is a long and gradual runout back to a lift up the other side.

Over there, after a cup of *Bouillon mit Ei* in one of the mountain huts, one takes a short T-bar up a rise, then begins a long run down through the trees, into the forests, past thickets and stands of fir and pine. This trail, deep and steep with an ever-changing pattern of dips and drops, leads you back to the sleeping village, where, as you trudge through the street, alive with the day's joys of skiing, you may hear that the wind has begun to rise up among the sunset summits you have just departed. You will be walking past the ancient barns redolent of cows, past the brightly lighted skating rink and the darkened ninth-century church, past a late-working peasant dragging a sled heaped with hay. And then, if you are fortunate, you will run into Doktor Scheibl. If so, he will lead you, as he has others, to the Geiger Pension, a tiny hotel sheltered from the cold and falling darkness.

Inside, Doktor Scheibl will greet a robust old woman with a cotton-gray head. She is Frau Geiger, midwife of Serfaus, and she will inform you that all her teeth are her own, that she has 10 children, 34 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren and has delivered more than 500 babies in her lifetime. And she will tell you of the olden times and the present times in her village.

Though Serfaus still seems more medieval than modern, there are about 2,500 guest beds there now and tourism is the local industry. There are eight lifts and 16 runs, but Frau Geiger said, like Hans, in Saalbach, "When I was young, skis were unheard of. Then in 1909, to our great surprise, a band of skiers arrived. They had climbed up on skis from the valley. Oh, how we celebrated! They were Bavarians and we gave a great party for them. My husband, though he was not my husband then, played the zither. I was 16 and I danced with all the Bavarians, again and again. It was not funny, the Bavarians danced very hard, even though they had skied far that same

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day. They were our first skiing tourists."

Frau Geiger paused, sipped some wine, sampled some cake and said, "Even after that fine night, skiing was not important in Serfaus for many years. We used skis for something besides having fun. We used them to smuggle things in and out of Switzerland. All the best people in Serfaus were good smugglers. They would bring leather ropes and such over the mountains at night to the Swiss and return by dawn with sugar and coffee. Of course, the best skiers were the best smugglers. Many of them became ski instructors in later years."

The yodeler at the Tyrolean Night festivities later that same evening in the cellar bar of the Furgler Hotel was a strapping fellow with a chest like a harrel and a neck like a stallion's. Hans Lichter, age 40, wore *Lederhosen* and was considered one of the finest yodelers in Austria, a professional for many years. Herr Lichter was asked how one yodels and he said, through Doktor Scheihl, "It is a combined thing of holding a note in your throat and moving your tongue. I started yodeling at the age of five, then stopped at the age of eight, then started again at the age of 18. I took some lessons to speak clearly the words of songs, but no lessons can really help you yodel. Either you have it or you don't. You really can't tell whether your voice will break right to be a great yodeler until you are 15 or 16 years of age. I was a woodcutter before I became a yodeler. As a young man I was very thin, but as I yodeled more and more and developed my lungs and my throat I became bigger, and soon I had this very big chest and this very strong constitution.

"Yodeling," added Herr Lichter emphatically, "is good for one's health."

He then went back and yodeled a song that Doktor Scheibl said was called *The Yodeler of the Archduke of Johann*, the words of which Doktor Scheihl translated as, "Wherever I am standing my heart hurts because the Archduke of Johann is not around here anymore."

Mayrhofen is a medium-to-large town on the rich, flat Zillertal, the valley of the Ziller River, and it has never suffered the poverty and hardship of places like Serfaus and Saalbach. Nor does it look not at first—like a ski town. On both sides of the valley the mountains are heavily wooded. The main highway carries swift and roaring traffic, and the business streets are so overrun with souvenir shops, knick-knack stores and cheap trinketry that Doktor Scheihl was moved to say, "This seems like a big tourist machine."

The skiing lies high above, on both sides of the valley. A cable car climbs each, rising above 75-foot fir trees on the steep slope until, at the top, one is presented with still another Alpine panorama of mighty peaks sloping off toward infinity. At one's feet some nice trails drop down through the trees. They are fairly broad and rolling at the top, narrowing toward the bottom.

You can ski on one side and see the other trails across the valley. On the east side there is one long, splendid run marked expert, mogully and fun, dropping in great snowy bumps among the trees. There is also a vast selection of gentle beginner and novice plateaus, with peaks rising all around. The far side of the valley is more challenging, and perhaps even more appealing. Trails spill off both sides of the mountain high above the town. There is a stark, rocky peak — The Little Matterhorn, they call it — sticking up in the distance. It is exciting, occasionally fairly hard, skiing.

One of Mayrhofen's pleasant surprises can be found on the east side of the valley at the top of the Ahornlift. This is Ernst Spiess, a droll, apple-cheeked fellow who is director of the Mayrhofen ski school. On a day that happened to be dank and foggy, Herr Spiess sat gazing thoughtfully out the window of his office. In his hand and in the hands of his visitors were goblets of pear schnapps. All were sipping as they watched the swirling mists outside, mists so thick there were no peaks, *pistes* or skiers to be seen. At last Spiess chuckled and said, "The weather is our friend. We must believe that. Or else we should go into another business, such as raising mink or fixing wristwatches."

He drained his schnapps, rose from his chair and executed one quick, giddy pirouette before his guests. He was wearing grossly baggy striped pants and a shiny red swallowtail coat. Standing there, he rubbed bright rouge on his already ruddy cheeks and put on a silly top hat. "*Bi leider schu*," he said, "I must work." He stepped outside the office, fastened one ski to one foot, slowly lifted the other foot, rather in the manner of a dog at a hydrant, and glided off down the hill, coattails flying, trousers flapping, one

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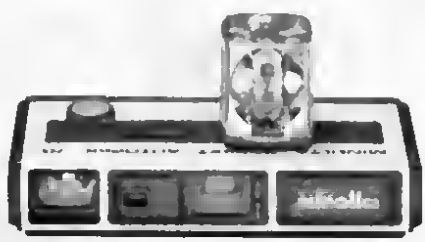


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hand holding his hat. As he went, Spiess shouted something, and out of the mists a chirping, giggling colorful cascade of tiny children on skis appeared, sliding down after him. They were dressed in a wild array of clothing, things fit for the Mad Hatter's tea party, and soon he and all the children were swallowed by the fog. Doktor Scheibl observed, "Ernst Spiess seems the Pied Piper of Mayrhofen. Or possibly he is a *Kasermandl* in disguise."

The truth was only slightly closer to prosaic. This was *Fasching*, that moonstruck and uninhibited time of year when this part of Europe fills with costumed fools squeezing in all the last-minute high jinks and minor sins of commission before Lent arrives to spoil the fun. Ernst Spiess is famous for his kindergarten-level ski school, as well as for his schnapps-pouring prowess, and this curious scene in the fog was merely a *Fasching* day's ski class.

Later, at a venison dinner at the Hotel Kramerwirt, an establishment run for 300 years by the family of Hans-Erich Kröll, Spiess raised a glass and said, "I feel more natural during *Fasching*. Here's to Lent not coming this year!"

Everyone agreed as Spiess put on a rubber nose, dipped it in a nearby stein of beer and squeezed it, squirting a stream upon the chest of Doktor Scheibl, who raised his own glass and intoned, "Here is to the gift of Countess Pocket Mouth to Rudolph IV, without which we would all be raising mink and fixing wristwatches."

High above Mayrhofen lies Hintertux, an isolated village of scarcely recognizable streets, so narrow and steep are the lanes that twist among the town's hotels and barns. Skiing at Hintertux takes place on a glacier 10,000 feet high, a clean white apron of snow ordinarily splashed by bright sun and swept by biting winds. The trails are gentle, enjoyable—ice-cream stuff again—and the view is almost forever on a clear day.

A soul-satisfying, if possibly sole-searing, experience can be had by choosing to walk down the winding road from Hintertux to Mayrhofen on a mild winter afternoon. This would not occur to many people, but Doktor Scheibl, inveterate enthusiast and rugged individualist, bellowed out to the car driver early one afternoon as a group of skiers rode down that pleasing road: "Stop the car! Stop!

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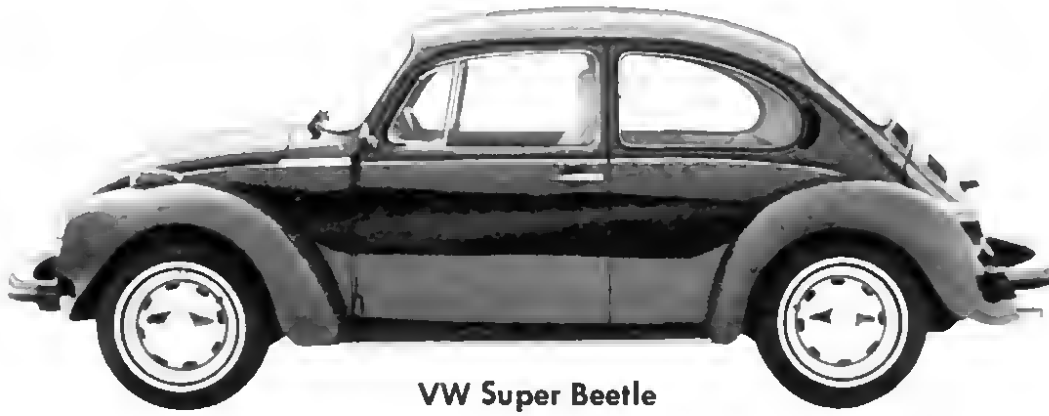


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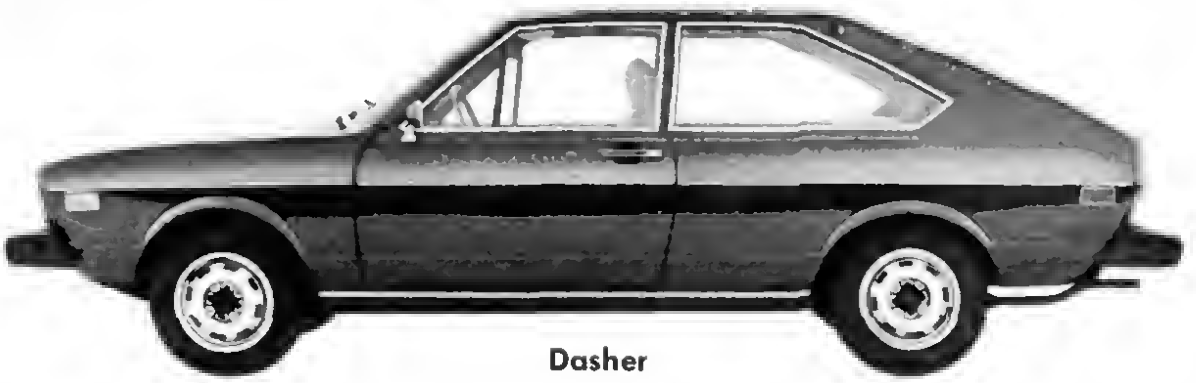
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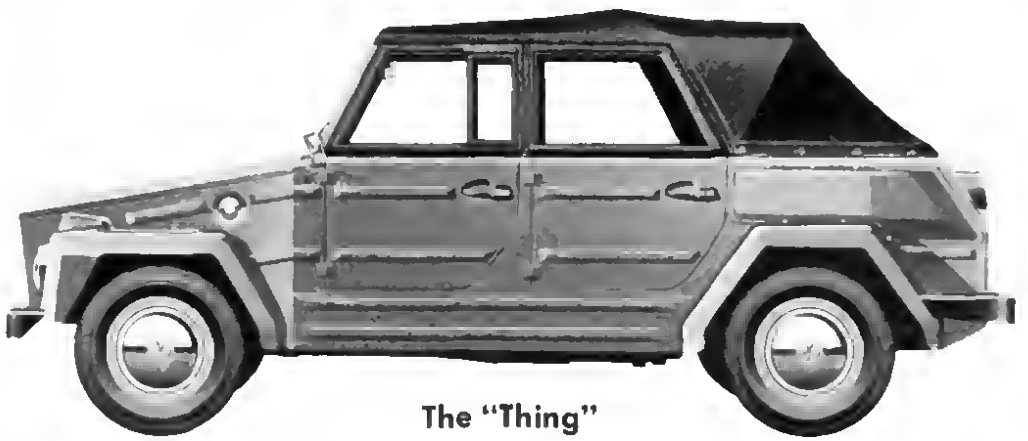
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Gronted $4,000 is $4,000.* But it's also a smoll price to poy for what POPULAR MECHANICS colls "...a perfect combinotion of styling and engineering."



The "Thing"

The cost of every "Thing" hos just gone down from $3150 to $2775.* And it seems even less expensive when you compare it to the price of o Jeep, Lond Rover or Lond Cruiser.

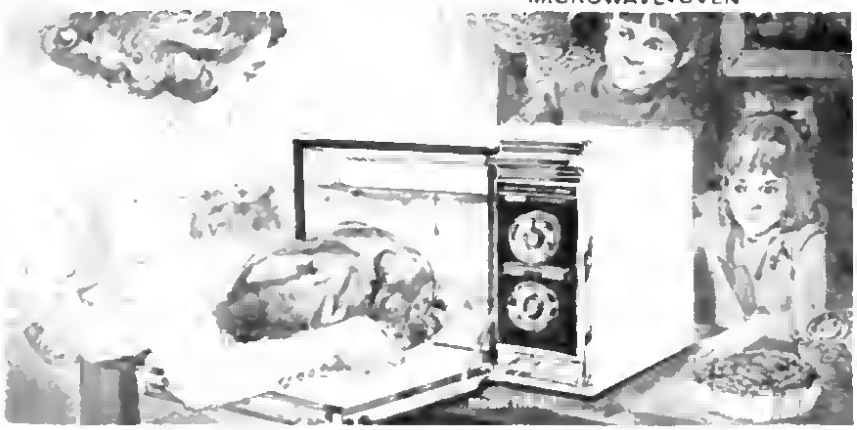
When inflation hits you, folks, you con't do better thon a Volks.

*Suggested Retail Prices P O E, Super Beetle $2825, Dasher 2-dr sedan $3975, 181 "Thing" $2775 (West Coast prices slightly higher for these models). Local taxes and any ether dealer delivery charges additional.

†Speciol End-of-Yeor sovings ovoiloble at porticipoting deolers.

Save energy and make the greatest cooking discovery since fire!

Amana Radarange®
MICROWAVE OVEN



All microwave ovens are not alike. If you know what features and quality details to look for—you'll buy an Amana Radarange.

Start with the cabinet. An Amana Radarange has a matte finish embossed steel cabinet that's easy to clean.

The door: Get the feel of it—and remember you're going to open and close it a lot. Amana has a die cast door, chrome plated for easy cleaning. The continuous hinge is extra strong. It won't wear out. It's counter balanced—and when it closes—it **locks automatically.** No levers to push or twist.

Look inside: An Amana Radarange is stainless steel—won't lose its lustre. Won't scratch, tarnish or rust. The window is tempered glass—won't scratch. The broiler tray is special boro-silicate tempered glass—not just a flat plate. You can cook meats and other foods directly on it . . . juices run off into the special well around it.

Timers: Amana's Radarange has two timers—one up to 5 minutes for precise time setting. The other timer is up to 30 minutes.

Saves Energy: The Amana Radarange oven cooks most food in about one fourth the time—and that saves energy. In fact, it uses 50% to 75% less electricity than a conventional electric range. You don't waste energy heating an oven. Only the food gets hot, the oven stays cool.

Buzzer: There's even a buzzer to tell you when the food is cooked.

Instant On: No warm up time. An Amana Radarange starts cooking the instant you press the start button.

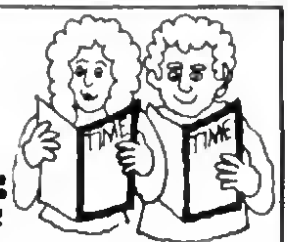
Defrost Cycle: Lets you take food from the freezer and thaw it in minutes. The Defrost Cycle is also used for foods that require slow cooking and simmering.

Most important: Find out what kind of owner protection you get with a microwave oven. Every Amana Radarange Microwave Oven is protected for a full five years! If anything goes wrong with your Radarange oven in the first five years of household use, all you have to do is take it to your Amana servicer and he'll replace any part free. Even light bulbs. NO CHARGE FOR PARTS OR LABOR. No one but Amana gives you this kind of protection plan. Nobody!

See your Amana retailer, or write Ann McGregor, Dept. 376, Amana, Iowa 52203.

If it doesn't say **Amana**®—it's not a **Radarange**®
MICROWAVE OVEN

Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship
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I am a *hiker*, not a rider. Let me out!" And he proceeded to lead a three-hour hike down through the winter Alps, along the gurgling River Tux, past steep drops and soaring peaks, down, down the twisting road. He led the way with sturdy, slapping steps, yodeling upon occasion, sometimes linking arms and shouting out a rhythmic cadence so everyone walked in lockstep, and once simply plunging over the side of the road and running with great jolting steps through a pasture where the snow had melted, to pick up the road again where it curved below. With typical verve, the good doktor insisted that everyone stop at the pensions, inns and bars along the way and ingest a touch of schnapps at each. Gradually the descent took on an interior dimension: in the golden warmth of the wooden booths of Gasthof Persal, a sip of *Heidelbeerschnaps* ("Blueberry, more or less," said Doktor Scheibl); farther down, in a brightly lit pension featuring a fat, stuffed badger on the bar, a nip of *Enzian* (made of aromatic mountain-flower root); at the Gasthof Teufelsbrücke, the Devil's Bridge, a swallow or so of *Meisterwurz* (flower and plant roots); at a brown wood-paneled pension in the village of Finkenberg, a few drops of *Obstler* (apples and pears) served in delicate silver goblets on a silver tray. And so the afternoon, and the kilometers, passed, and it was growing dark as Doktor Scheibl and his party reached the Ziller River Valley, passed the towering power poles of Mayrhofen and entered its lighted suburbs.

Doktor Scheibl sighed and said softly, "It is purest Alpine existentialism."

Later, at a discothèque, the Andreas Keller, in the basement of the Hotel Krameriwirt, Doktor Scheibl stroked his beard and spoke of the recent days in the back valleys of the Alps. "Now you have seen Austria off the beaten paths. You have discussed *Kasermandls*, heard about our famous Countess Pocket Mouth. You have done many things Americans never do and never think of doing." Solemnly he donned a rubber *Fasching* nose, dipped it in a goblet of *Obstler* and squirted the schnapps toward a waitress, who caught most of the stream in the cleavage revealed by her dress. She giggled. Doktor Scheibl chuckled. He rose, bowed and lumbered off across the dance floor, leaving his friends with visions of *Kasermandls* yet to be seen and pitchers of *Obstler* yet to be drunk. **END**

Share America's Whiskey.



Like fir trees, old stockings, and chimney tops, sugar cookies have a special meaning at Christmas time.

And what makes them special is not just in the cookies.

It's something in the air.

Something that breathes new life into old traditions, and binds us all in a joyful holiday spirit.

It makes Christmas a time for sharing. And a time when, all across America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown.

Both in the gifts they give and in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.

Give Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's favorite.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF

BEAUTIFULLY GIFT-BOXED AT NO EXTRA COST

Chevy Monza 2+2



Every small car should start with a happy ending.

"MONZA, YOU'RE EARLY!" The small cars to come, won't come as a surprise. Not after you've seen the new Monza 2+2. It's one of them that's got a head start.

"WHAT A WAY FOR A SPORTY CAR TO END UP!" After we made our new Monza very sporty, we made it very *practical. With a hatchback* rear door that opens high and wide onto 28 cu. ft. of carrying space.

"SO THAT'S WHAT 2+2 MEANS!" When you have people to carry, our new Monza is a "2+2." Two seats in front, two in the rear. But when you have things to carry, it's a "2 + things." Simply fold its rear seat back flat. And presto—a wagon-like cargo floor.

"HEY, INSTRUMENTS YOU CAN READ." Monza instruments include tachometer, engine temperature gauge, ammeter and electric clock. The four-spoke sport steering wheel has a small diameter you'll like. A great-looking center console is standard, too.



"DOOR-TO-DOOR-TO-DOOR CARPETING." The Monza interior is generous with cut-pile carpeting. It runs front to back. Handy map pockets are in each door. Seating materials are available in six colors of rich cloth or vinyl.

"HMMM . . . A SMALL V8 IN A SMALL CAR." The Monza has a new 4.3-litre V8 available that's the smallest size ever offered in a Chevy. It translates out to 262 cu. in. A nifty size for moving our Monza around in a nifty way.

"WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS A TORQUE ARM?" Our Monza has an advanced suspension. A torque arm system for better axle control and reduced road noise and vibration. GM-Specification steel-belted radial tires have been *tuned in. The ride takes on* impressive smoothness.

"LOOK, RECTANGULAR HEADLIGHTS!" Set into a cleanly slotted nose covered with a ding-resisting soft plastic. Any car that looks this good, you want to keep looking this good. See your Chevrolet dealer soon, for the happiest ending of all.

GM

Chevrolet

Chevrolet makes sense for America

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

TV RADIO

Bob Cousy and Bill Russell of the Celtics, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West nf the Lakers There they all were last week going head to head on prime-time television. Cooz whipping passes, Russ blocking shots, Elg faking, Jerry popping jumpers. They were not playing in an NBA old-timers game. It was something better—topflight sports and nostalgia aired bv the same folks who bring you *Sesame Street* and 6 a.m. algehra classes

A month ago most of the 250 Public Broadcasting Service stations began showing *The Way It Was*, the first PBS sports-oriented series. Some parts of the country can see it only once or twice a week, while others have the same show seheduled up to a dozen times. Which is just fine, since some programs in the series are so well done they bear second—or third—looks.

The Wav It Was arrives at a time when so-called educational channels are beginning to look at sports as at least a semiserious proposition. Last June the executive committee of PBS adopted a resolution recognizing "the coverage of athletic events as a legitimate component of its cultural programming," and stating that "the few major sports offered on commercial television should not provide the limits for audiences."

Only a few weeks hefore that PBS had scored a major TV sports coup. WNET in New York picked up the fifth game of the Stanley Cup playoffs when NBC decided not to carry it in anticipation of low prime-time ratings. WNET pulled its largest audience ever—626,000 homes compared to a normal weekly high of 200,000. More important, the station was flooded with phone calls and contributions that totaled $48,000. "A lot of people—blue-collar people," says producer/announcer Crane Davis of WNET, "reacted to us and thanked us in many ways."

Now it is expected that many PBS stations will begin showing lesser, local-interest events like intercollegiat: rodeo, gymnastics, bicycle racing, college soccer, rowing, rugby, badminton, equestrian events and a variety of women's sports.

PBS will have to do a whale of a job on such shows to equal *The Way It Was*. The series' 13 segments span the years 1941-62 and cover some of the most dramatic moments in baseball, basketball, boxing, hockey and football. (December's lineup is the 1941 Louis-Conn fight, the 1950 Browns-Rams NFL title game, the 1954 Stanley Cup playoff between Montreal and Detroit and the Don Larsen perfect-game World Series.) Funded by the Mobil Oil Corporation at a cost of about $400,000, the shows were put together last winter at KCET in Los Angeles by Gerry Gross Productions. The idea for *The Way It Was* originated with Herb Schmertz, a vice-president at Mobil. "The rehashing of exciting sports events occurs a lot in barroom conversations, and it had been in the back of my mind for several years to try to put films of them together," he says. "Not long ago Ballantine Beer ran some 30-second commercials with Mel Allen doing a voice-over of memorable events, and that got me thinking about the project seriously."



PUBLIC BRDADCASTING IS THE NEW SPOT FOR OLD SPORTS

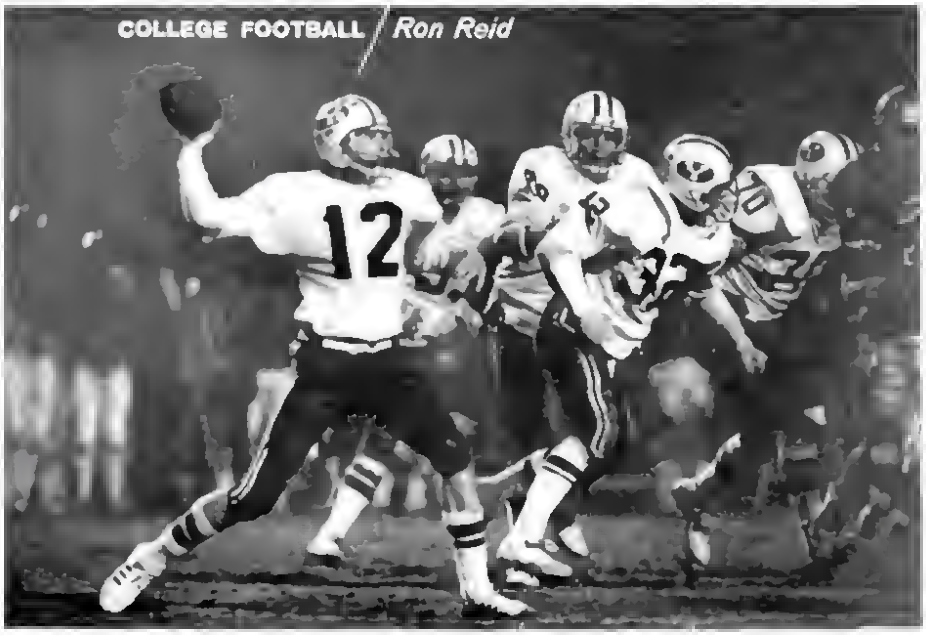
The subjects covered by half the shows date back to a time when fans listened to events on radio and perhaps later saw them in newsreels. Collecting the old films was not an easy task, and watching them has its difficulties, too. Even games as recent as the '62 NBA playoffs between Boston and Los Angeles look as if they had been photographed through the rear window of a speeding car.

The dated quality of the film yields a charm of its own, but that is hardly the reason *The Way It Was* is so good. The Celtics-Lakers show affords viewers the opportunity to see two marvelous teams in the most suspenseful of seven-game playoffs. This was not only a series with an overtime in tbe deciding game, but *The Way It Was* makes it very clear that the rivalry stirred the imagination of so many fans that pro basketball became a coast-to-coast, truly major league sport for the first time. Even though a dozen years have passed, the viewer gets a rich feeling of the intensity of the competition through the accompanying conversation of some of the participants. When host Curt Gowdy asks then Celtic Coach Red Auerbach about playing Los Angeles, Auerbach says, "We always had a psychological edge on the Lakers. If Baylor and West got 70 points, we could get more."

Although Gowdy did not broadcast any of the events originally, he serves as an excellent catalyst for *The Way It Was*. He is relaxed and has done his homework. He prompted Cousy to admit that the basis for his style was not hours of practice, but the fact that he had unusually long arms and big hands for a guard. Then Cooz adds, "Very little was practice. It was instinctive."

During the second segment of a two-part program on the 1947 World Series between the Yankees and Dodgers, Gowdy asks Joe DiMaggio what it was like playing in Ebbets Field as a visitor. "When I look back on it I enjoy it," DiMaggio says. "But at the time, I hated the fans' guts." Dodger Al Gionfriddo is asked how he took losing, and he tells of going w th other players to a restaurant far off the beaten track so that Dodger fans could not find them. No chance. As they sat drinking, some Brooklyn rooters marched through bearing a coffin.

In addition to bringing back many performers from the events, *The Way It Was* calls on the announcers who broadcast them. When available, tapes of original programs are inserted. It is true that the impact of the show is enhanced by the current nostalgia craze. But the blend of good sports competition and fond memories has long had a special attraction of its own. *The Way It Was* mixes these ingredients so deftly that it does not need the help of a fad to become a hit. END



STRONG-ARMING New Mexico, Gary Sheide leads the nation in completions per game

Oh what a BYUtiful mourning

Given up for dead, Brigham Young is making a lively try for a title

Take one look at the face of Orrin Olsen and you can tell how things have been going in Provo, Utah this season. Olsen, a Brigham Young center who smiles wide and often when he is not tattooing a block on a defensive lineman's rib cage, is delighted that all eight of his siblings, including brothers Phil and Merlin of the Los Angeles Rams, will attend his wedding next week to Sandy Robison, daughter of the BYU track coach. Happy in his athletic work, Orrin has suffered no repetition of that memorable high school day when he snapped the ball and broke his quarterback's finger. And soon Orrin and his Cougar teammates may know the special joy that comes from finishing a season in a bowl after starting it by going to pot.

Such has been the year's remarkable reversal for BYU, a loser in its first three games before a little soul-searching and a crash course in competitive maturity produced five straight Western Athletic Conference victories, the latest of which was a 36-3 destruction of New Mexico last Saturday night in Albuquerque. One more, against Utah this week in Provo, and the Cougars will win the conference title and locker-room space at the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz. on Dec. 28. With Oklahoma State as opposition, BYU would be making its first bowl appearance, a fitting reward for Coach LaVell Edwards.

Edwards, who has only 10 seniors on his squad, has spent most of the season seeking experience and answering two questions. Early on it was, "What's wrong?" And lately, "What did you do to make it right?"

The answer to the first involves in part BYU's schedule, which called for the dubious honor of opening the season against Hawaii in Honolulu. Ideally, mainland teams are supposed to finish, not begin, the season in Hawaii, where Waikiki and similar distractions make it hard to concentrate on any game plan more complicated than a pot orgy. Violating that unwritten law led to a 15-13 defeat marked by seven Cougar turnovers and five Hawaii field goals.

"It's possible the trip hurt us," Edwards admits. "There is a carnival atmosphere over there, but most of our kids had never been to Hawaii and probably won't go again, so I wasn't going to keep them locked in a hotel room."

The Cougars' more serious problem was their inexperience, a condition that worsened when Jay Miller, a junior receiver of All-America potential, suffered a broken shoulder blade diving for a pass in practice. "After Miller got hurt," Edwards says, "we went through a whole bunch of receivers. Our passing game is based on receivers reading the defense. He adjusts his route as the play develops. It took time for our young players to learn that."

Through a 9-6 loss to Utah State and a 34-7 dismembering by Iowa State the following week, Edwards saw no reason to change his opinion of his club's true potential. The defense looked sound—when it didn't have to stay on the field all day—and the offense, led by senior Quarterback Gary Sheide (pronounced Shy-dee) seemed strong enough to make the Cougars a WAC contender.

No college team, however, succeeds or fails purely on its physical talent, as Woody Hayes will be only too unhappy to attest, and in BYU's case an intangible lift came from squad unity. The Cougars addressed themselves to their mistakes in some quiet meetings that bolstered their confidence. "We always knew we had a good team," says Linebacker Larry Carr. "We just told each other what had to be done, and then we started beating people."

In Sheide, Edwards had a record-breaking passer whose ability had been masked by inexperience and belied by his performances in the first three games. Rolling out frequently in those defeats, he threw for only one touchdown and was intercepted eight times. It was a boon

continued

September 5, 1974. A helicopter ride at dawn...sculling on the Schuylkill...steelworkers in Indiana...the Hare Krishna schoolchildren of Dallas...an Idaho county fair...a midnight seance at Hollywood's Magic Castle...

From sunrise to moonset, from Maine to Hawaii, here is a sweeping overview of our nation never before attempted, nor likely to be repeated.

On Thursday, September 5, LIFE Special Reports deployed 100 top photographers to take, on a typical day, a portrait of America as it approaches its 200th birthday. Renowned photographers like Ansel Adams, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Gjon Mili, George Silk and scores of others shot some 60,000 pictures in a single 24-hour period—and from this rich take emerges the most vivid mosaic of our nation ever seen: the land, the people, the myriad activities of everyday America. It is a photographic masterwork every member of your family can enjoy and treasure now, a unique record of the way we were that will grow in value with the years.

ON SALE WHEREVER YOU BUY MAGAZINES.







Television's first series about health that's guaranteed to tickle your funny bone.

Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down in a delightful way."

This was Mary Poppins' secret for getting reluctant children to open wide. But the talented people who created "Sesame Street" recognized that it's also a good prescription for grown-ups. So they've made it the idea behind a new television series for adults called "Feeling Good."

It's all about your family's *health*. And it can be seen every week on your PBS channel.

Like that spoonful of sugar, it's going to be easy to take. The series is not going to lecture. Or preach. Or scare. Or bore you. It's going to *entertain*—while it teaches good health care. And nobody knows how to do this better than Children's Television Workshop—the producer of "Electric Company" and "Sesame Street."

There'll be a guest appearance each week by Bill Cosby. Throughout the series you'll see other stars such as Bob and Ray, Johnny Cash, Howard Cosell, B. B. King and Helen Reddy. Plus a permanent cast each week of Broadway's best performers.

They'll tell you things you didn't know about your heart, kidneys, hypertension, diabetes, dental care, alcoholism, child care, nutrition and more.

You'll learn how *not* to get sick. Ways to detect and treat some problems. You'll learn that you have more control over your family's health than you ever realized.

Now just because this series is designed to tickle your funny bone, don't get the idea that all you're going to get out of it are a few superficial health tips. For the past two years, CTW's health project staff has consulted with over 300 leading doctors and health care experts in preparing the series.

The results of their efforts have been summarized by Dr. J. Robert Buchanan, Chairman of the program's National Advisory Council and Dean of the Cornell University Medical College. He characterized the series as "...probably the boldest single attempt at mass health education ever attempted by the media. Educational efforts of the kind planned by CTW are critically needed. Too many people have too little knowledge of the fundamentals of good health, and most people don't realize that their own actions play a major role in the kind of health they enjoy."

To put this kind of worthwhile series together, to do the research, and plan for follow-up activities that will help insure its success, has taken—and will take—a lot of money. Roughly $7 million. These funds are being furnished by corporations, foundations and the public broadcasting community.

Exxon is proud to be one of the major underwriters of "Feeling Good." And we hope your family will watch it and enjoy it—in good health.

EXXON

For a summary of program topics, write. "Feeling Good," Box C, CTW, 1 Lincoln Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Introducing the Ford Mustang II Silver Ghia.





Cranberry interior with crushed velour seating area

Last year Mustang II outsold all its so-called "competition" combined. And the success car of '74 is doing it again in 1975. We've made Mustang II more exciting than ever.

The Special Silver Ghia. Pictured above is a magnificent expression of the Mustang II success story. The Mustang II Ghia with optional Silver Luxury Group.

We believe we have created a small car classic. The level of style and luxury is uncommonly high.

The body lines flow gracefully over a rich silver metallic finish. Note, too, the classic half vinyl roof, opera windows and the dramatic moon-roof option—a one-way window to the world.

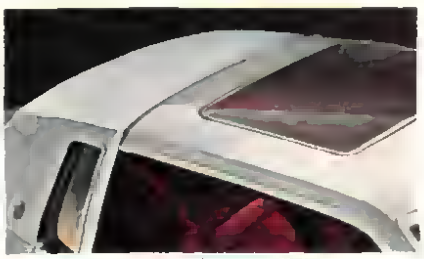
The interior is every bit as special as the exterior. body-contoured bucket seats, the seating area a rich cranberry crushed velour, thick carpeting, even carpeting in the trunk, an instrument panel framed in burled walnut wood-tone trim, tachometer, a quartz crystal digital clock.

Impressive List of Standard Features. The Mustang II Silver Ghia, in common with the entire Mustang II family, comes with a 4-speed transmission, front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, gas-saving steel-belted radials and solid state ignition, standard.

More Exciting Choices Than Ever.

This year, you can personalize your Mustang II Ghia with such options as the newly available 302 V-8, or you can choose from two other gas-stingy engines: a standard overhead cam 4 or optional V-6. Other options shown include cast aluminum spoke wheels, moon-roof, automatic transmission, AM-FM stereo radio.

Look close at Ford Mustang II for '75. Ghia, 2-door hardtop, 3-door 2+2 and Mach 1. Ford's small personal luxury cars. See them at your local Ford Dealer.



A dramatic option: the moon-roof

The closer you look, the better we look.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION

for the offense when he discarded the rollout for the pocket, which became a fortress as his offensive line grew stronger. BYU's attack now has become so effective that Sheide leads the nation in completions per game and ranks fourth in total yardage.

Slope-shouldered like Joe Namath, whom he rates as "still the best there is," Sheide's passing style is not without certain sandlot tendencies, such as waving his receiver to an open spot with his left hand. But he is exceedingly cool. And persistent. He delights in hitting a "hot route" receiver under a blitz and is loth to forsake the forward pass under even the most discouraging circumstances.

Against Arizona State, for instance, Sheide suffered five intereceptions, two of which were returned for touchdowns, but he persevered and finished with 24 completions in 41 attempts, two touchdowns and an unexpected 21–18 victory.

"He's got a lot of confidence," Edwards says. "Even against Arizona State, it never entered his mind, or ours, to do anything different. Most people don't realize he hasn't played much. He played about 5½ games in junior college, and he was injured here, too. Maybe that's why he improves every game."

Besides embarrassing some Arizona partisans who had suggested earlier in the year that the WAC was too minor a league for their state's two well-regarded teams (BYU beat Arizona 37–13), BYU's win over the conference favorite Sun Devils should have generated a worry-free week of preparation for New Mexico, considering that team's 3-5-1 record. In truth, it was the most nerve-racking period of the season for Edwards and several of his players, none of whom were charmed by the idea of playing a night game on the road.

But the game could have been played at dawn, for any real chance New Mexico had was lost four games earlier when Quarterback Steve Myer, who might have given Sheide a contest for passing laurels, was sidelined with a knee injury. In his stead, Coach Bill Mondt was forced to use Ken Bryant, a converted defensive back who spent a miserable night being tackled for 71 yards in losses when he did not fumble (three times) or get intercepted (twice).

Strangely, Sheide himself came up with a performance he rated "my worst of the year," even though he scored two touchdowns, passed for another and finished with a WAC career record for completions. His total of 347, in only 20 games, erased the mark of 345 set by Arizona State's Danny White in 32 games.

Sheide was off target early and seemed rattled by the Lobos' blitz and coverage until he threw his fifth pass, a 51-yarder to Tailback Jeff Blanc, who ran one of those hot routes through the entire secondary for a touchdown.

The Cougar defense was superb from start to finish as it held the Lobos to 59 yards rushing and 126 in total offense. A fumble recovery by Carr, whom Edwards calls "the most underrated player on the team," set up Sheide's second touchdown run from six yards out, and substitute Linebacker Frank Linford (no relation to Paul) scored the game's last touchdown when he returned an interception 24 yards. "I saw the end zone and I wanted it," said Linford. Mark Uselman, the only New Mexico native on the BYU roster, hung it on the home folks by kicking three field goals and three PATs.

BYU will be favored to knock off Utah for the conference title, and Blanc already is looking ahead toward Fiesta time. "I think we're going to kill Oklahoma State," he says. "Our defense is just perfect to stop their Wishbone. I *know* we'll kill Utah next week. It's gonna be nice to spend Christmas in Arizona with the team."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

WEST Brigham Young has a fine team, to be sure, but the uncrowned champion of the Western Conference is Utah State, an independent that has defeated the Cougars and three other WAC members. The most recent victory was a 34–0 waltz past Utah in which Louie Giammona, the nation's leading rusher, gained 207 yards.

The country's No. 4 ballcarrier, Willard Harrell, scooted 147 yards as Pacific blasted Wyoming 50–14. Willard concludes his college career in ninth place on the NCAA's all-time ground-gaining list.

The best of the West's running backs, Anthony Davis, hit the 147-yard mark in Southern Cal's 42–11 victory over Washington. A.D. became the first player in Pacific Eight history to top 1,000 yards three straight years, and his two touchdowns extended his league career scoring mark to 47.

UCLA broke a 7–7 halftime deadlock to trounce Oregon State 33–14. The Bruins got 100-yard games from Eddie Ayers and Russel Charles to offset the passing of Alvin White, whose 27 completions and 342 yards set school records. "It was a shame to lose with White having that kind of day," said Beaver Coach Dee Andros.

A record-breaking performance was also turned in by Steve Bartkowski, who passed California to a 37–33 victory over Washington State. By completing 21 passes for 304 yards Bartkowski surpassed Craig Morton's school marks for single-season passing and total-offense yardage. The Cougars tried to do on the ground what Cal accomplished in the air, gaining 442 yards, but a fumble at the Cal two with 1:30 left cost them their best winning chance.

Stanford got offensive balance in a 17–0 victory over Oregon. Mike Cordova threw two scoring passes and Scott Laidlaw ran for 142 yards.

Arizona edged Air Force 27–24 while Arizona State lost its third straight, 35–14 to impressive North Carolina State. Dave Buckey hit 11 of 13 passes for the Wolfpack and Stan Fritts and Roland Hooks each scored twice. A rare fullback pass by Fritts produced another touchdown.

1. USC (7-1-1)
2. Arizona (7-2) 3. California (7-2-1)

SOUTH The have-nots are beginning to have in the Southeastern Conference. Kentucky, Mississippi State and Vanderbilt—as unlikely a winning parlay as you'll find anywhere—all continued their surprising success. Alabama and Auburn, meanwhile, stayed on top, winning 28–7 over Miami and 17–13 over Georgia, respectively.

Kentucky clinched its first winning season since 1965 with a 17-point fourth-quarter blitz that downed Florida 41–24. "When we had a 2-2 record," said Coach Fran Curci afterward, "I thought we were headed for a disastrous season. Now we know that if we hang in there something good's gonna happen. This was probably the most important game in our modern football history. We really know how to win around here now."

Mississippi State's seventh victory equals its best total in 27 years. The Bulldogs had not beaten LSU since 1963, when another 7–6 outcome resulted from precisely the same circumstances: the Tigers missed a two-point pass with less than three minutes remaining.

Vanderbilt Coach Steve Sloan said he felt 100 years old after his team came from behind twice to beat Tulane 30–22, making this the first time since 1955 the Commodores have won more than five games.

The only unusual thing about Alabama's victory was the Orange Bowl crowd of 26,265, the smallest ever to watch a Tide team under Bryant. Two goal-line stands, the sec-

continued



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1½ ounces 7.00



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Perfume in the Classic Bottle
¼ ounce 11.00, ⅓ ounce 13.50, ½ ounce 19.50, 1 ounce 37.50

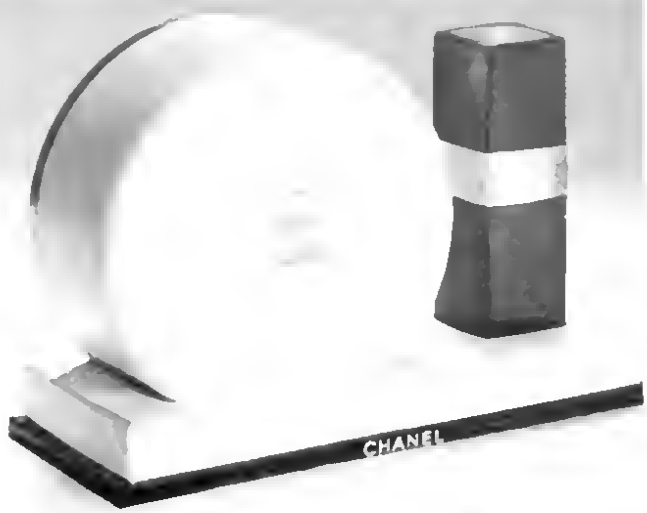


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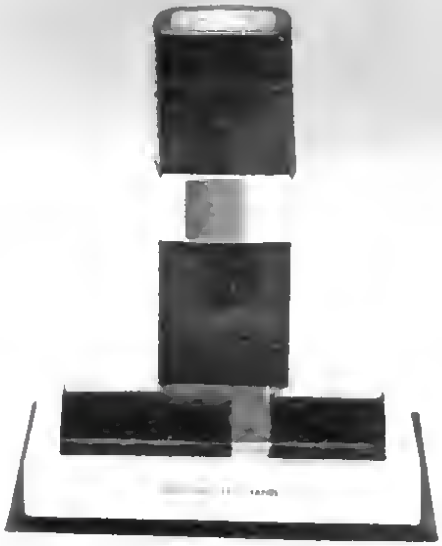
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ond with just over three minutes remaining, keyed Auburn's triumph. Quarterback Phil Gargis rushed for 160 yards and one touchdown and Seedrick McIntyre had 112 and the other TD. Tennessee won its first SEC game with a 29–17 victory over Mississippi.

Virginia Tech ended Florida State's one-game winning streak 56–21 while Wake Forest, which succeeded the Seminoles as the nation's most consistent loser, fell 34–21 to South Carolina. Georgia Tech evened its record at 5-5 by topping Navy 22–0.

Maryland clinched the Atlantic Coast Conference title by pummeling Duke 56–13. Bob Avellini completed 10 of 11 passes and Walter White scored three touchdowns. North Carolina outscored Army 56–42 as Chris Kupec passed and ran for five TDs.

1. Alabama (10-0)
2. Auburn (9-1) 3. Maryland (7-3)

MIDWEST

"You've already made me gray," Ara Parseghian told his Notre Dame team after the Irish pulled another one out, this time against Pittsburgh, "now you're trying to make me bald-headed." Tom Clements scored the winning touchdown in the 14–10 victory, crashing over from the three with 2:49 remaining. The outcome was not secured, however, until Defensive Backs Reggie Barnett and Randy Harrison batted away two Panther pass attempts in the final minute. Tackle Mike Fanning and End Steve Niehaus led a defensive charge that held Tony Dorsett to 61 yards.

Michigan nailed down a tie for the Big Ten championship with its finest effort of the year, a 51–0 trouncing of Purdue. The Wolverines amassed 581 yards to the Boilermakers' 185, with Gordie Bell running for 166 and Dennis Franklin passing for 149.

Ohio State prepped for The Showdown by pulling away from stubborn Iowa in the second half for a 35–10 victory. Champ Henson scored three touchdowns and Archie Griffin gained 175 yards in 23 carries. "We knew that either Griffin or Henson would carry," Hawkeye Coach Bob Commings said. "We knew what kind of play it would be. We stacked the defense to stop them but we just couldn't do it."

Rich Baes rushed for 159 yards and Quarterback Charley Baggett gained 151 as Michigan State overcame Indiana 19–10. The Big Ten's best rushing performance, however, was turned in by Bill Marek, who totaled four TDs and 230 yards as Wisconsin ripped Northwestern 52–7. Illinois got its first victory over Minnesota since 1964, 17–14, when Jeff Hollenbach completed his fifth consecutive pass in an 87-yard scoring drive with 45 seconds left. The 25-yard touchdown strike went to Marty Friel.

Kansas outnumbered Oklahoma at the pregame coin toss 18–4, then struck for a touchdown on the third play of the game, but still lost 45–14. The Sooners' final score came on a pass with six seconds left. "It was just egotistical on their part," said Jayhawk Linebacker Steve Towle. "They were doing it for their national ranking." Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer agreed. "We had to have it to stay on top," he said.

Nebraska blasted Big Eight doormat Kansas State 35–7 behind David Humm's two touchdown passes and Missouri beat Iowa State 10–7 on Tim Gibbons' 37-yard field goal in the fourth quarter. Colorado, in the words of Coach Bill Mallory, "lined up and knocked them out of there," upsetting Oklahoma State 37–20.

Miami of Ohio completed its second straight unbeaten season by smothering Cincinnati 27–7. Kent State pounded Toledo 35–14 as Larry Poole's three touchdowns rushing gave him a career conference record 36, and Tulsa concluded an unbeaten season against Missouri Valley opponents with a 52–14 romp over Drake. Jeb Blount completed five touchdown passes, four to Steve Largent, who caught five altogether.

1. Oklahoma (9-0)
2. Michigan (10-0) 3. Ohio State (9-1)

SOUTHWEST

The good news is that Texas Christian had its best scoring day of the season against Texas: 16 points. The bad news is that the Longhorns had one of the best scoring days in the history of the Southwest Conference: 81 points.

After it was over TCU Coach Jim Shofner was regretful, Darrell Royal was embarrassed and one flogged Hornfrog was saying, "It was like climbing uphill with no arms and no legs."

"They weren't trying to run up the score," Shofner said. "There was nothing we could do to hold it down. I should apologize to Darrell because we should be able to compete better than that." And Royal said, "I don't like to score 81 points, but I think it would have been more of a slam to punt on first downs." The regulars came out in the first half when the Longhorns rolled up 52 points, three on a school-record 56-yard field goal by Mike Dean.

Meanwhile, Texas A&M and Baylor maintained their holding pattern at the top of the standings. Bubba Bean gained 138 yards and scored twice as the Aggies whipped Rice 37–7. An interception and two fumbles led to three A&M scores within 4½ minutes of the second quarter. Rice was pitiful on offense, completing only nine of 34 passes for 50 yards. "It wasn't their defense," said Owl Coach Al Conover. "That doesn't have anything to do with the way the ball goes through the air."

Baylor came from behind in the fourth quarter for the fifth time this year to defeat Texas Tech 17–10 and guarantee its first winning season since 1963. Pat McNeil's 20-yard run with 4:51 remaining provided the victory, while Steve Beaird rushed for 92 yards to set a single-season school record of 837. "You've got to give Baylor credit," Tech Coach Jim Carlen said. "They're a good team. I don't think we played badly at all."

Arkansas tied SMU 24–24 and Houston overcame five fumbles to edge Memphis State 13–10 on Marshall Johnson's fourth-quarter touchdown.

1. Texas A&M (8-2)
2. Houston (7-2) 3. Baylor (6-3)

EAST

Powerful running by Rudy Green and stifling defense by the nation's least-scored-upon team led unbeaten Yale to a 19–6 victory over Princeton. Coupled with Brown's 10–7 upset of Harvard, the win gave the Elis at least a share of the Ivy League title. Green scored twice and gained 138 yards as he and his senior teammates won for the 16th time in 17 home games. Linebacker John Smoot smote Tiger backs all afternoon. Brown's third straight victory was Harvard's first league loss, as a fourth-quarter touchdown run by Kevin Slattery provided the difference. In other Ivy games Dartmouth downed Cornell 21–9 and Pennsylvania beat Columbia 21–3.

Penn State overpowered Ohio 35–16 as Tom Donchez scored three touchdowns and Boston College blasted Syracuse 45–0, the Orange's worst loss in 26 years. Keith Barnette had 196 yards and three touchdowns. Steve Joachim's passing and play-calling riddled West Virginia in a 35–21 Temple victory. Rutgers edged Boston University 6–0, and John Provost's 26th career interception—second-best on the alltime list—helped Holy Cross down Villanova 10–6.

Williams secured its fourth straight Little Three title by defeating Amherst 17–14, and Vermont lost 41–15 to American International in what may have been the last game of its 77-year football history.

1. Penn State (8-2)
2. Pittsburgh (7-3) 3. Temple (7-2)

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: California's senior Quarterback Steve Bartkowski showed Washington State the form that has made him the Pacific Eight's top passer and a likely first-round draft choice by completing 21 of his 30 attempts for 304 yards.

DEFENSE: Michigan ranks first nationally in rushing defense and second in scoring defense because of players like Roverback Don Dufek, whose nine tackles helped the Wolverines blank Purdue and allow only 68 yards on the ground.

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This Earl has no peers

Earl Anthony is a crew-cut square, but a whiz with a big round ball

The final match of last week's $100,000 Brunswick World Open tournament in the Chicago suburb of Glendale Heights was right down Earl Anthony's alley. In this last major event of the season he could become the first bowler to win $100,000 in a year. All he had to do was add the $14,000 first prize to the $88,660 he already had stashed away.

Anthony, the last qualifier in the five-man single-elimination showdown, began by winning 277 219 against Mark Roth, who throws the most pronounced hook of any pro bowler and whose badly blistered and cracked right hand has suffered the consequences. Then Anthony beat Gary Mage 249 227, and next came a 257 236 win over Dave Davis.

That set the stage for the title match, lefty Anthony versus lefty Johnny Petraglia, whose single-season earnings mark of $85,065 in 1971 already had been surpassed by Anthony. It also was a rematch of the final of last April's Firestone Tournament of Champions in which Anthony beat Petraglia and won $25,000.



HIS TENSION REFLECTS THE MOMENT AS ANTHONY ROLLS FOR A $100,000 SEASON

It was a throat tightener all the way. Through the first nine frames Anthony had six strikes, and all that kept him from nine straight were seven pins that refused to topple in the first, sixth and seventh frames. But Petraglia was throwing even more strikes, eight in the first nine frames.

Petraglia opened the 10th with a spare. When the 7 pin stayed up after his last shot he leaped high in the air, then stamped around in frustration. He was afraid he had blown his chance. He knew that if Anthony had three strikes in the 10th it would give him a one-pin win.

Much the same thing had happened at the Firestone, where Petraglia needed a strike in the 10th to win. But just as Petraglia had failed on that shot, Anthony now muffed his, leaving the 6 and 9 pins, losing the match 257–236 and missing the hundred grand mark.

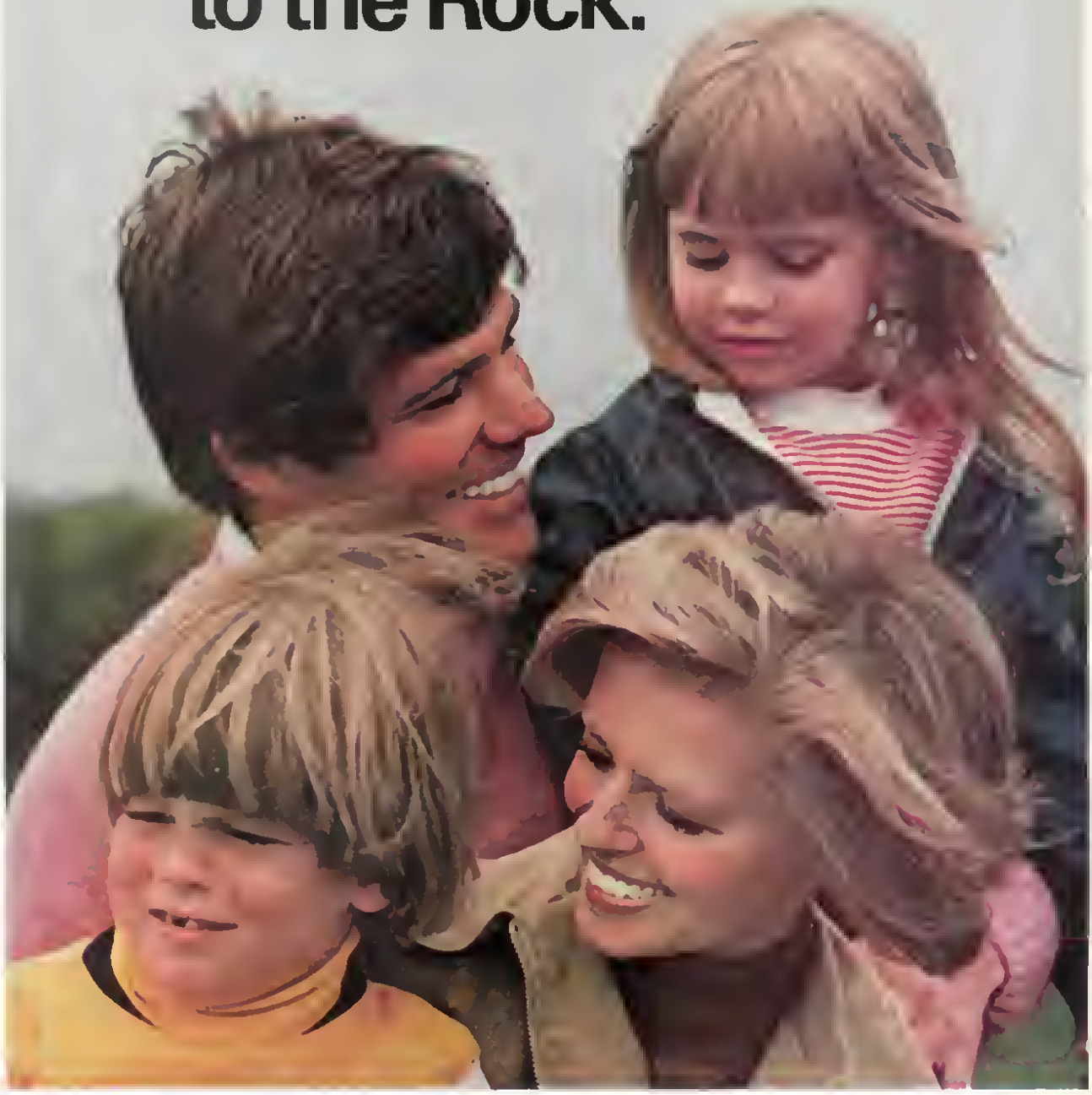
Regardless of the scores, the trophies and the money in the bank, Earl Anthony looks and acts like a loser. Compared to him, Whistler's Mother was a swinger. From the top of his vintage 1940 crew cut to the depths of his personality Anthony is, in a word, flat. But put a bowling ball in his hands and the quiet man becomes a terror. When he arrived in Glendale Heights last week he brought with him not only his record-breaking earnings but a record-tying six wins for one year.

Anthony does not pretend to throw an explosive ball, but a battalion of other bowlers would gladly swap some of their flamboyant personalities and sizzling deliveries for the 219.4 pins-per-game average he has had in 27 tournaments this season. With just one event left he is certain to eclipse his own record of 215.8 set a year ago. Still, on the traveling circus that the tour resembles, he maintains the lowest of profiles, spending much of his time alone, or with his wife, three children and a dog named Puff, who make many of the trips with him. Behind his hornrimmed glasses are the apprehensive eyes of a man who expects to go out to the parking lot and find that the air has been let out of his tires.

But if Anthony says little about his skills, others are less reticent. Last week his fellow bowlers were lavish with their praise. Don Johnson, winner of the 1971 and 1972 Bowler of the Year Award that surely will go to Anthony this year, observed that "what Anthony did at the Detroit tournament this year was one of

continued

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The Moto-Bike, from Yamaha.

the greatest feats of all time. He was the only lefthander to finish in the top 24, led the qualifying all the way. And he did it by shooting the whole time from the fourth arrow."

Lefthanders generally shoot from the first or second arrows that serve as aiming points on the lanes; to move to the fourth is a radical departure, risked only when the condition of the lanes forces a major change in approach. It would be comparable to forcing Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to forsake his close-in shots for 25-foot jumpers or obliging Nolan Ryan to become a knuckleballer.

In 1971 Anthony set another of his records by rolling 42 consecutive 200 games. This year he has had four 300s and has finished among the top five in 15 tournaments. And during his five years on the PBA tour he has compiled the highest per-game average (214.7) and has amassed earnings of $243,263.

No one is more impressed by these accomplishments than Dick Weber, alltime leader in PBA titles with 24 in 15 years. He is well aware that Anthony has already won more than half that total (13, plus one regional championship) in one-third the time. "He has the greatest change of speeds of any bowler of any era," says Weber.

Changing speeds is not a tactic limited to baseball pitchers; it is one of the most intricate and demanding aspects of bowling. What makes it so vital are the constantly changing lane conditions. Essentially, there are two underlying causes for these fluctuations: the oil used to dress the lanes and the tracks worn into the alleys by bowling balls. As a day's competition progresses, oil is dissipated by lane usage and evaporation, and bowling balls do not skid as much before breaking toward the pocket. To compensate, bowlers must adjust the angle from which they shoot and the speed with which they throw.

Anthony explains: "If the ball breaks early, you go through the middle of the headpin. If it breaks late, you get a washout [leaving the headpin and generally getting a 1-3-6-7 split] or a bucket [just hitting the headpin and often leaving the 3-5-6-9 pins]."

Oddly, the lack of a good change-up may well have kept Anthony from becoming a pro baseball player. "The Dodgers scouted me in 1959 when I pitched in the Air Force, and I saw their report," he recalls. "It said, 'Good fastball, fair curve, had change-up.' "

When he was mustered out of the Air Force he went to spring training with Vancouver of the Pacific Coast League, where he was impressive enough to rate an offer from the Baltimore Orioles and a chance to play Class B ball. "I really wanted to play baseball, but there was very little money involved, and I had a family to think about," he says. "So I turned down the offer, went home to Tacoma and took a job with a wholesale grocery outfit."

Working for West Coast Grocery turned out to be more than handling canned goods. During his first year the company began a bowling league and Anthony was in business. "It was during my second year of bowling that the bug bit me," he says. "I found the way to really learn to bowl was to compete against guys who were better than me and to get into pot games where the money was on the line. Sometimes I'd lose $40 or $50 a day, which was a lot for a workingman. But that's paying your dues." By 1963 Anthony figured he had learned enough to give the PBA tour a fling, and he used his vacation to compete in three tournaments. "I didn't make a dollar, but it wasn't time wasted," he says.



PETRAGLIA MISSED AT FIRESTONE, HIT IN THE OPEN

Back in Tacoma, Anthony practiced hard, sometimes rolling 200 games a week. More and more often he won pot money. One night he took three straight winner-take-all matches, after which the rest of the bowlers in the group quit.

Soon Anthony was obliged to quit himself. Faced with the prospect of having to switch to the 2.30 p.m.-to-10.30 p.m. work shift he decided to join the PBA tour. "If I had worked those hours I would never have seen my children," he says.

In January 1970 Anthony hit the PBA trail, striking fear into the heart of no one with his expressionless face and drab dress. But in his very first tournament the 6′1″, 185-pound groceryman captured second place. Goodby forever to Wheaties and canned peas.

By the end of this year the PBA tour purse money will have topped $2.3 million. Petraglia's triumph boosted his earnings to $52,543, fourth best behind Jim Stefanich ($54,410), Larry Laub ($63,735) and Anthony, whose $7,500 consolation brought him to $96,160. Both Stefanich and Laub had started the year like Johnny Miller on the PGA tour. In the season's first event Stefanich picked up $21,000 by placing third and rolling a perfect game on national TV, a feat that brought him a $10,000 bonus and a new car. Then he lost his touch. Laub, meanwhile, was on TV almost as often as Lucille Ball reruns, appearing in a record eight TV finals during the 14-week winter tour and winning $49,000. Then he hit a streak of bad luck, the final blow coming several weeks ago when he lost nearly everything he owned in a fire that totaled the $22,000 motor home he used to travel the circuit.

All of which left the bulk of the year to Anthony, who took full advantage of it. And he still has a shot at the $100,000 mark. He could make it if he takes the $3,000 top money at the Hawaiian Invitational and then adds a final $1,000 by winning a regional tournament. Whether he does or not, $96,000 will buy a lot of groceries. Well, some groceries. **END**

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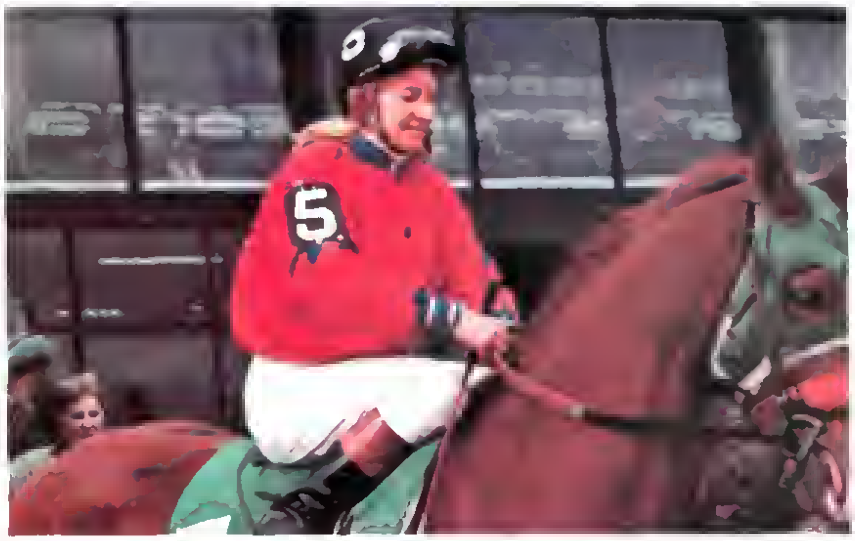
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Suffolk Downs' leading rider is a women. And an apprentice. Now, the letter means more than the former to Denise Boudrot

A high-flying ladybug

Above all, you must understand that the important thing right now in Denise Boudrot's career is not that she is a lady, but that she is a bug. She will always be a lady, but after Dec. 20 she will never again be a bug. Just one more month to live in a storybook, and then we shall see.

A bug is an apprentice jockey, the name derived from the asterisk inscribed in a racing program to indicate that a horse has been granted a five-pound weight allowance as compensation for being steered by a novice. Thus: DEVIL'S GULCH *111 DENISE BOUDROT. If this were Dec. 20, that entry would read: DEVIL'S GULCH 116 DENISE BOUDROT. Or worse, maybe it would read. DEVIL'S GULCH 116 PAUL CAPABLO, or even: DEVIL'S GULCH *111 BENITO CARRASCO. There are few things in sports so disposable as yesterday's apprentice.

This is not merely a practical matter, like the pitches a rookie will not see the second time around the league. For the jockey it can be going from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some pimply little kid—"Hey, Sonny, as short as you are, you ought to be a jockey"—catches on how to hustle a horse out of the gate and to hang on for dear life. A wily agent materializes, cadges a couple of live rides off trainers who owe him favors, and suddenly everybody on the backstretch is standing in line to get the wonder bug boy up on their stock. Bugs who ride like sacks of potatoes have been known to win national jockey titles.

The day an apprentice loses the weight advantage—one calendar year after his fifth win—is when reality hits full force. Trainers start telling the kid that they're "going with experience." There might not be a track in the country where at least one old jock isn't sweating weight in the box, gobbling water pills, scrambling to get up on any long shot, willing to hold any horse for a small price, who remembers the glory months, years ago, when he was the hot bug, when every live mount was his (plus a gaudy Cadillac, cash down, and a bottle blonde to go with it), and the vista of unlimited riding greatness ahead that ended, alas, exactly a year to the day after his fifth win. All the poets, all the painters, all the lovers and the dreamers, none could ever describe the ultimate splendor and promise of youth so well as the ethereal look on the baby face of a hot bug as he comes back with another winner, waving his whip in salute at a cheering world.

Denise, 22, is such a bug. Miss Boudrot (pronounced exactly like Lou Boudreau) is far and away the leading rider at Suffolk Downs in Boston. Since it seems certain she also will be the first woman jockey ever to be a leading apprentice at a major track, she is, in a very real sense, the start of a second generation of female riders. The first entered through the side door, so to speak, when women were allowed onto the tracks four years ago: jockettes. Some were merely manifestations of the fad. The best of those that hung on and prospered were tempered with a pioneer toughness, generally cast out of difficult, even mean, childhoods, which gave them the steel to endure rejection, mockery and—inevitably—casting-couch gossip whenever they did gain mounts. Robyn Smith, a stunning, graceful beauty who had dabbled in Hollywood, felt almost obliged to deny her attractiveness and retreat into contrived mysteries; Mary Bacon, brazen as she looked, rode a winner practically on the way to the maternity ward, and accommodated *Playboy*'s usual photographic demands. One of the first days Denise was ever at a track, she saw a woman rider dismount and slug a startled male rival.

Denise is like those original jockettes only in gender. What she is, is a bug. Her true colleagues are boys, boys like Chris McCarron, an apprentice who grew up as she did only a few miles from Suffolk Downs in a Boston suburb. He is now the leading rider in the country. Or Darrel McHargue, mature and clever, one of the leading bugs in the nation last year, who proved to be the real McCoy and has kept on winning without the weight advantage.

Boudrot may be able to follow that script, too. She is smart, patient on a horse—"cool" is the word frequently employed in her behalf. Unlike most

continued

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What athletes should know about contact lenses.

The first thing you should know is that only a professional eye examination can determine your eyecare needs. This examination will show whether eyeglasses or contact lenses are better for you.

Wider field of vision.

While conventional eyeglasses are a vital part of the lives of millions of people with poor eyesight, contact lenses provide greater field of vision because they rest directly on the eye itself. For anyone who requires seeing a wide field, this benefit alone could make all the difference in the world.

Contacts are not for everyone.

Contact lenses can't correct every form of vision problem or be worn by everyone, but it's amazing how many people they *can* help. Some people will not achieve the same degree of vision correction with contact lenses as they do with eyeglasses. Naturally, you must have your eyes examined professionally to determine whether you can benefit from contact lenses. And it's reassuring to know that most common vision problems in healthy eyes which can be corrected with eyeglasses can also be corrected with contact lenses. Your particular eyes will determine which is better.

Getting used to contact lenses—it's getting easier all the time.

Time was when a person newly fitted with contact lenses experienced weeks of gradual —and often uncomfortable— adjustment. But with new designs and softer lens materials the break-in period has been shortened, and these newer contact lenses often feel comfortable right from the start.

Contact lenses for athletes? Definitely.

Another advantage of the newer contact lenses is that they stay more snugly in place through the jostles and jolts of active sports. Although they should not be worn while swimming, contact lenses are worn regularly by many professional, college, and high-school athletes in other sports.

Easy to care for.

Because contact lenses rest directly on the eye, they must be kept clean and aseptic. Daily lens cleaning and asepticizing are important. These procedures are different for hard lenses and soft lenses, but either process takes only minutes a day. Caring for contact lenses is really no more taxing than good dental hygiene.

An eye examination... where everything starts.

Contact lenses may be right for you—but that can only be determined by having your eyes examined. Millions of people neglect their eyes. A regular professional examination is the best way to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Shouldn't you make a checkup appointment today?

Foresight... the best way to preserve eyesight.

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hugs who ride hell-for-leather, out wide, whipping frantically, Boudrot is known for dropping down on the rail, saving ground, working the fiercest territory. "She plays that rail, she makes it count," says John Mieli, a veteran trainer who never even considered using a girl jockey before he saw Boudrot ride. Even in the low-dollar sprints that dominate the Suffolk card, most of Denise's wins come from off the pace, rating.

After a race she returns to the lady jocks' dressing room and watches the rerun. Tom Stanski, her valet, joins her. "Come on, come on," Denise calls, rooting for herself. She is third in the stretch on a sore-kneed plater named Seductive Silver, who quit in his last race, under a boy rider, as odds-on favorite. Out front, a filly named No Unhappyness, ridden by Ovidio Diaz, looks safely home.

In the men's jockey quarters, the boys are also watching the rerun on their TV, seeing Denise steering Seductive Silver off the rail, around a tiring challenger and taking aim on No Unhappyness. At the sixteenth pole she is still two lengths back, yet she tucks away her bat and merely hand-rides her mount, pushing, coaxing, in the animal's own rhythm. "Look at that," says a rider. "She don't touch him but the one time."

Denise watches herself win and then switches over to the soap opera. "Well, how do you feel getting beat by her, Ovi?" another boy says to Diaz, but it is a friendly jibe, without rancor. At Suffolk almost every jockey has been beaten by Denise, and they have learned to live with it, which is not an easy thing for these little men who have discovered a place of their own in a big person's world.

"The ones who are jealous of Denise are the other girls around the track," says Vickie McElhiney, a 20-year-old trainer. "That's the only place you'll hear any bad talk about her."

Mike Carrozzella, long a leading rider in New England, has helped teach Boudrot the ropes. He says with some chagrin, "It's all changed around. She's the first girl jockey ever to get mounts because she is a girl. Guys around here are saying, well, I can't win with a boy, so let's try 'the broad.' "

"The broad"—it is said blandly, in the neutral manner of "the boy" or "the six-horse"—has won 63 races at the meeting (five of them on a single day two weeks ago) and has been in the money 50% of the time. And now almost every horse she rides goes down several numbers off the morning line. Usually in a pattern. As soon as the mutuels open there is a quick drop in odds—the housewife money coming in—then a leveling off till the very end, and another drop, the smart money. But if the fans are creating false favorites for her, and if the four-letter gutter word for woman ricochets about the grandstand when she loses, Denise remains a most popular rider. "Go home and have a baby" is about the most pointed remark she ever hears.

But then, Boudrot has caught everyone by surprise at Suffolk's fall meeting. She had not ridden since last May 26, when a rogue horse suddenly bolted for the outside and crashed full speed into the rail, his chest leaving an indentation still visible. Denise thudded to the ground, landing in a drainage ditch with a broken leg. She also was out several months late last year when a mount clipped heels and she wrenched her back in the resultant fall. Oh, she is a tough cookie, and brave. "Even when I was little I had no fear," she says.

She is strong, too—4′11″, 104, a size 3, but more compact and full-breasted than most girl jocks. Her pale, placid face seems nearly always in repose, with narrow eyes that calmly receive the world around them, sometimes blue, other times green, sometimes hazel, given the right light and mood. She lives with a Chihuahua and two cats in an apartment near Suffolk, eats whatever she pleases, smokes quite a bit, bets not at all. She speaks well, if in the classic broad-A Boston accent. Disposition? It can only be said that Denise Marie Boudrot is sweet.

But she is nobody's fool, understand that. "The racetrack is a world all to itself," she says. "I've been very lucky. There's a lot of heartaches and heartbreaks here, and I'm not nearly as naive as when I first came. I used to believe everybody, but I've learned about people. I guess I've toughened up."

She came naturally to that initial attitude of trust, nurtured by a loving, secure family, and having lived a perfectly unremarkable life. She grew up a tomboy—"Sam," friends called her—in Burlington, Mass., a few miles north of Boston, the second child and only daughter of a French-Irish marriage. At 12 she got her first pony. She graduated from Burlington High in 1970 and worked as a supermarket check-out girl, in a snack bar and on an assembly line before landing a stable job for $60 a week.

With her earnings from riding (her mounts have won nearly $400,000 in purses) she bought her parents a farm last spring in Elloree, S.C. They named it the Longshot Lady Farm. Nelson Boudrot, who had been a production foreman, retired, and he and his wife Julia settled there. Then a month ago, Julia Boudrot dropped dead.

"I'm sorry these sad things come up," someone says to Denise.

"No, don't be sorry," she replies. "All their lives my father and mother had to work and scrimp for money. And then for those five or six months they had together in South Carolina they could relax, and my father could buy her things he wanted to for the first time. Don't be sorry. Those were very happy times."

Her own personal life?

"I don't want to get married now. It's hard for me even to date away from the track because all my interests are here, which is not a good way to be, I know. Still, you should do things right, just like for a marriage to be done right the woman should devote her whole self to her family, her kids, her house."

Right after Denise loses her bug next month Suffolk closes, and she will leave for South Carolina to work near her own farm with Trainer Junie Bresnahan. He is the man who first taught her to ride thoroughbreds. He still has her under contract. She will not be back to the races until next spring—without the bug. She appears to have the strength, the heart and the brains to make it as a journeyman, to duplicate the success of McHargue after he lost the bug, or of Tony DeSpirito, the last New England jock to fulfill the promise of a fabled apprenticeship. But then, so many bugs have failed, been left to ride out nondescript careers with nothing but the tarnished memory of that one glorious year of youth when it seemed that life and weight would always be so easy to make.

"I don't think five pounds is so much anyway," Denise says, and firmly. "Maybe on a little filly, but not for most horses." She shrugs, and when the low winter sun glances off her golden hair, it is easy to dream for the lady. **END**

Tommy cut the Mustard

All of Dublin was rooting against the renegade from England who had well earned her reputation as the greatest greyhound in history

In a greyhound-mad country like Ireland, you would not have to be especially superstitious to attach significance to the strange events early on the morning of the big race. At 1.30 a.m. a huge explosion had rocked Dublin. The sky burned red over the docks. The racketing bangs continued for an hour and fiery metal fragments curled high into the air.

As it happened, it was just a fire in a bottled-gas depot, and the only direct connection to be made with the race that night was that a goodly proportion of the crowd thronging to Shelbourne Park Stadium was red-eyed with lack of sleep, half of Dublin having got out of bed to go down and watch the blaze. All the same, it was the kind of major portent the event deserved, a race that would involve intense nationalistic fervor and would feature, as Westpark Mustard was freely labeled, the Greyhound of the Century.

The race was scheduled for 9:15 p.m. and the stadium had filled slowly through the less-interesting preliminary events. Early comers, though, who had arrived a couple of hours previously to grab a window seat in the high, glass-fronted lounge at the top of the stand (from which it is possible to watch the racing and drink whiskey in some style) had already enjoyed a glimpse of the super-hound.

Westpark Mustard looked ordinary enough in the cold, hard-edged November night, the air acrid with the smell of old Dublin coal fires, the reek from the brown Liffey and Sweet Afton cigarette smoke. She moved mincingly over the wet grass track in a last short walkabout before she would be weighed and kept in seclusion until her race. She was small, lissome but small. Indeed, after the weigh-in, it turned out that she had lost 1½ pounds since leaving England and was now down to a bare 60. Her color was striking, pure white with a black mask and a small black saddle patch. She would look decorative enough, were your tastes that way inclined, if, after a long career, she finally joined Mick the Miller in the Cromwell Road in London. She had certainly earned a place there, raised just a little above The Miller, in fact.

Cromwell Road is where the British Museum of Natural History stands. Inside, in a glass case, are the remains of what until this year was freely conceded to be the greatest racing greyhound of all time, Mick the Miller. In 1930 he achieved this status by winning 19 races in succession. His record stood for 44 years—until Oct. 14 of this year when it was equaled at Wembley Stadium, London by Westpark Mustard. And on Oct. 28 the little black and white bitch went ahead, winning again at Wembley.

In the two weeks between the races Westpark Mustard became the most famous animal in Britain, and the unfashionable sport of greyhound racing found itself, much to its surprise, being courted by the media. Women feature writers were dispatched to rural Hertfordshire to query her trainer, an embarrassed Tommy Johnston, about her diet (raw eggs, glucose, minced beef, soup and cereal) and her sleeping arrangements (she shares a kennel, strictly for companionship, with an elderly dog named Trampas). On the night of what turned out to be the record-breaking race, Mustard was unbackable. The bookies quoted odds—up to 1 to 14—but the betting tax system in Britain meant that even if you were willing to lay out £14 to win £1, you would end up owing the government money because of an 8½% tax on your stake. The final accolade came when the BBC, on its staid 9 p.m. newscast, ran the race live, something quite without precedent.

Mustard won, right enough, although she came out of the trap slow and was boxed in on the first turn. Perhaps the biggest audience ever to watch a greyhound race, courtesy of TV, saw her streak away on the backstretch, catch a dog called Roxton Quail and win by five lengths.

Johnston and Mustard's owner, listed as Cyril Scotland (a pseudonym which concealed the identity of Cyril Young, a prominent Scottish banker who came out of hiding to have his picture taken with the 20-race winner), did not plan to race Mustard for at least a month after the 20th win. Suddenly and unexpectedly, though, Johnston announced that she would run in Ireland only nine days later in a special invitation race backed by the tobacco firm of Carroll's, prolific sponsors of Irish sport. There would be only three other dogs, but it would be a formidable field. Tommy Astaire, Ballinatin Boy and Dal's Birthday. All had won Irish Classics this season and all were known stayers. The distance was interesting, too: 600 yards. Most of Mustard's wins had been



OWNER YOUNG, WIFE AND TRAINER ALL SMILED WITH MUSTARD

continued



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over marathon distances in greyhound terms, which is to say 800 yards. So there were many who questioned the wisdom of Johnston's decision.

In Ireland a new factor was present. Although Westpark Mustard was born and bred in Ireland, in the green fields of West Cork, to the average fan at Shelbourne she was a renegade. She'd gone to England. She had an English trainer. All her big wins had been across the Irish Sea. "Westpark Not the Greatest" ran a dour headline in the Dublin *Independent* the weekend before the race. "Some idiots," wrote its greyhound correspondent trenchantly, "maintain that her efforts made her the greatest greyhound of them all but she never competed in or won a Classic." That was true enough, though she had beaten, on invitation, all comers. It was true, too, that the long-distance races that had been a Mustard specialty gave the greyhound, a notoriously bad starter, time to recover. And the *Independent* pointed out that the classic distance for a dog race was 525 yards.

At Shelbourne Park Stadium the odds being shouted down the line of bookies, though short, were very different from those at Wembley. You could get 11 to 8 on Mustard, 2 to 1 on Tommy Astaire, the dog which had won the Guinness 600 final the previous Saturday night and which now might well have been sporting a shamrock-green racing jacket instead of the red he wore as the dog in No. 1 trap. Irish sport had already had a mighty morale raiser the previous week when its unrated soccer team had destroyed Russia 3–0 in Dublin in the European championships. Now Tommy Astaire could put cream on that by beating the renegade from Cork, "the world's greatest racing dog."

Tommy's trainer, Paddy Keane from Kinnegad, a village 40 miles up the Galway Road from Dublin, leaned over the rails as the dogs paraded for the 9:15, a big, heavy man looking suitably lugubrious as his wife Olive led out their greyhound. "Ah, the going's too heavy," he said. "It's only three days since the dog was racing before." Nobody could find Tommy Johnston, a lean man from Carlisle in the north of England, before the race. He was said to be feeling nervous.

There is little formality to the start of a greyhound race. A perfunctory fanfare of trumpets from an amplified tape, then a blur of color from the traps. It was clear that Westpark Mustard was slow away

from the box, but then she always was. At the first turn, triumphantly shrilling above the continuous roar of the stand, a voice screamed, "The bitch is beat!" She wasn't, not then, though she was boxed and had to come wide. In the backstretch she started to make up ground fast, as she had done in her record-breaking race at Wembley.

It was the third bend that finished her, after a bump from Ballinatin Boy. She could never make it up after that. Tommy Astaire was home by 5½ lengths. The roar matched the one at Dalymount Park when Ireland scored its third goal against the Russians.

"I feel sad," said Paddy Keane, "to have beaten such a great bitch." Paddy Keane did not look sad, nor did Olive Keane, who was surreptitiously feeding the slim, brindled Tommy a piece of chocolate from her handbag. "He doesn't approve," she confided, motioning at Paddy, but you got the feeling that at this point Mrs. Keane did not care if he approved or not.

"He's my pet," she said. "He's a real character. I can always tell if he's going to run well before a race. He gives a hop, skip and a jump, y'know." Mrs. Keane was breathless and pink-complexioned in the sharp night air. Paddy was more judicious, anxious to give full credit to Mustard.

"She never got a run from the box and she got badly done on the first bend," he said. "If she'd had a good run she'd have won. I'm sorry I was the cause of beating her," he repeated. No such sorrow was likely to be felt by Tommy's two owners, a bookmaker from Cardiff and another Welshman who has a wholesale greengrocery. Their dog will be worth about $50,000 when he goes to stud after next season.

Tracked down, Tommy Johnston declared that he was not feeling brilliant. "I'm upset, but I would be after 20 wins, wouldn't I?" He added wistfully, "I thought she was going to beat him, going down the back straight, but she was checked badly at the third."

With another 100 yards would Mustard have made it: When the question was put after the race to one of Ireland's top greyhound trainers, Ger McKenna, one felt he would agree. "The bitch was unfortunate," he replied. And then he spoiled the effect altogether by adding, "But, sure, greyhounds are always bein' a bit unfortunate." END



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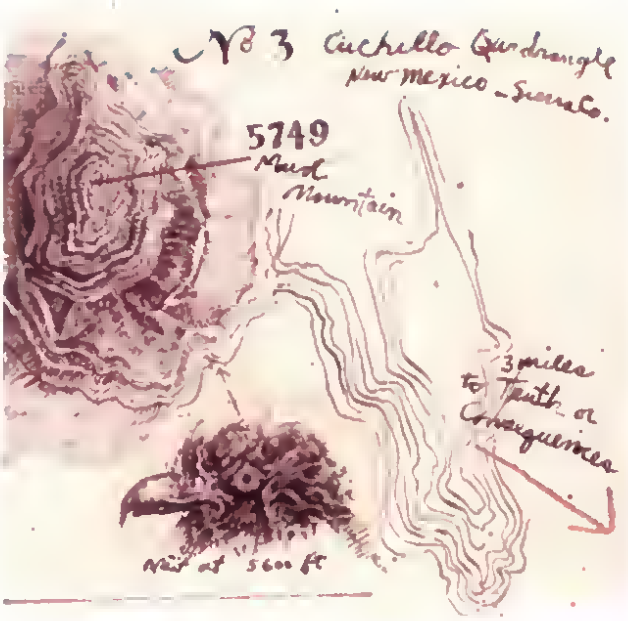




Topo Maps

Replacing the hearsay of hunters and trappers, they helped open up a continent and today are stimulating, even witty, company on the trail

by Bil Gilbert









CONTINUED

Now and then somebody will claim something is good—the Kelty backpack, wild-strawberry mousse, the Ozarks. The list is getting so short nowadays that it is senseless to insist on proof or to quibble about degrees of goodness. So, to any All-Good List just add U.S. topographic maps. The topo is infinitely useful and always works, an indispensable tool of industry, commerce, agriculture and science, a companion in sport to the backpacker, paddler, easy rider; a lifesaver to the lost and confused; a wish book to the would-be adventurer. And at 75¢ a throw a topographic map may be the best bargain our industrial-technological system has yet produced.

I came to topos disgracefully late in life. At 24 I was perhaps more knowledgeable in geographic matters than most. Since the sixth grade I had been able to name the states of the union and their capitals. Later I had learned enough about the shifting frontiers of Rumania, the location of the Persian Gulf sheikdoms and the republics of the Soviet Union to graduate from Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service. Moreover, I was personally acquainted with a good many woodlots, swamps, lakes and stream courses in southern Michigan, having tagged along behind my father, a botanist, as he beat a path to some spot remembered as being a good place for lady's slippers, soft-shelled turtles or maybe luna moth cocoons.

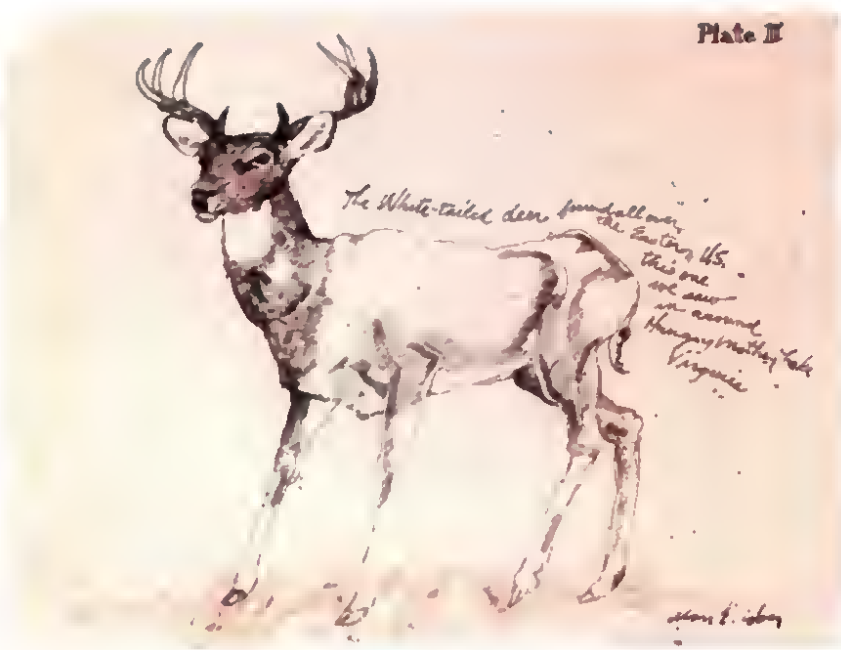
By the time I was in my 20s I could even navigate a car between Washington and Kalamazoo, and probably could have found St. Louis, Waco or Billings if absolutely necessary. However, I would have had no chance of retracing the route my great-grandmother took on her oxcart trek from Louisiana to Michigan, or finding the spot on Marva's River where the Blackfeet raided Meriwether Lewis' camp, or discovering the only place in North Carolina where the elusive water shrew could be trapped. In sum, I could not find much of anything if it was not on a gas station road map or if somebody did not guide me.

All of which brings me to June of 1951. I had made the acquaintance of several experts employed by the U.S. Geological Survey who were interested, as I was, in retrieving aboriginal artifacts from the limestone caves of the Virginias. On the weekend in question Hack, Ed and I drove several hundred miles west and south of Washington. The farther we got into the Appalachians, the narrower and more circuitous the road became. Finally we turned off the last public road and slowed down beside an abandoned cabin. "That must be it," Ed said, "the first building past that last crossroad." We continued down an overgrown woods road for a quarter of a mile until we reached a brushy pasture on the bank of a James River tributary.

Hack fished out a rolled-up tube of paper from behind the front seat. It was a 7½-minute topographic quadrangle of the area, the first I had ever seen.

"O.K.," he said, unrolling the map on the hood, "that has to be the cabin where we turned." He pointed to a small black

continued



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dot. It was obvious neither he nor Ed had ever been where we were standing. "I was looking at the sheet the other night, and it seemed this pasture would make a good place to camp. We can work downstream. See that bench half a mile or so down, right at the base of the ridge?" He pointed to a small elliptical space on the map. It was bounded on one side by a blue line that I decided had to be the stream. I had no idea what a series of thin brown lines might represent or even what a "bench" might be. Yet so far as Ed and Hack were concerned, this map was as commonplace and obvious a tool as a wheel.

"That's the kind of place they liked to camp," Hack went on. "There should be holes or overhangs in the face above the bench. The water will be shallow where that contour comes down. They might have built a fish trap there. Anyway, it is worth checking."

As it happened, there *were* the remains of an old V-shaped fish trap made with boulders in the riffles above the bench (which turned out to be the river's earlier floodplain) and an overhang, sheltering a flat ledge, halfway up the ridge. During the weekend we found some Indian pottery and an awl. More important, after surreptitious interrogation I found that anyone could go into the Geological Survey sales office in Washington and buy a map like the one Hack had. The next week I did that, picking up the quadrangle on which we had found the shelter cave, along with half a dozen other maps of places I had been wondering about, and privately I learned how to decipher them, a very simple process. Ever since, I have been using topos and, in consequence, can locate any plot of ground in the United States that appeals to me and have a reasonably good idea of its character before I get there.

There is a certain figurative similarity between my own climb up out of the pit of topographic ignorance and that of American society in general. The first European colonists had spent a century and a half huddled along the Atlantic Seaboard. A principal and practical reason for their lack of venturesomeness was that they simply did not know where anything was in the lands to the west. In those days anybody who was pushed into the interior wilderness did what a mapless man always must do—tried to find a guide. As a practical matter this meant catching and bribing or wooing an Indian. This system was all right as far as it went, but it did not go very far. James Fenimore Cooper to the contrary, the average buck of the Eastern woodlands was good only for a few miles beyond his own wigwam. After that his geographic information tended to be confused, if not downright mythical. Uncounted numbers of would-be settlers left their hopes, sanity and bones in the wilderness because they had tried to follow



trip tickets scrawled on a piece of moldy deerskin by some know-it-all Iroquois or Cherokee. ("Paddle up the River of Swans, turn left at the second moon. Proceed through the land of the bearded dwarfs, turn right before reaching decayed bear paw nailed to a chestnut snag. Avoid large cavern in which the Northwind lives. Cross a lake of fire and continue until reaching Big Rock Candy Mountain. If in douht, ask for Old Man Coyote.")

So handicapped, the settlers learned ahout the new land more or less as I learned ahout Michigan swamps, slowly and empirically. They edged inland, one plowed field, one muddy section of road at a time, their progress complicated hy a variety of prohlems that a good overall map could have relieved or simplified. For a long time private citizens, states, even nations, were hazy about what land they owned or where property boundaries were located. Inevitahly bitter land disputes, hloody family feuds and at least one war between states (Michigan vs. Ohio) were spawned. More than a couple of generations of country lawyers grew rich from this mapless mess.

Americans wandered about in an unsystematic way for almost 50 years after coming to the trans-Mississippi country. This was the period of the fur trappers, the fahled mountain men who have such a gaudy reputation for pathfinding and trailhlazing. It is true that the mountaineers did a lot of backcountry traveling and that the best of them could find their way from a beaver pond in Colorado to a Crow squaw in Montana. But any study of fatality records of the time also makes it clear that getting lost killed more trappers than rattlesnakes, Blackfeet and trade whiskey combined.

Even the mountain men who survived were not much help to the general citizenry. They tended to be jokey and illiterate, no more familiar with compasses than they were with harpsichords. By 1835 or so it was usually possible to find a crusty old character hanging ahout Independence, Mo., the staging area for would-be Western settlers, who for a shot of whiskey would tell you how to get to almost anyplace you wanted to go: Salt Lake, Old Faithful, the land of the Sasquatch. The difficulty was that you could go down the street to another har and find an equally crusty character who would give you altogether different directions or advise that there was no such place. The situation illustrated a truth that is as old as civilization: you cannot have commerce, industry, agriculture, law, order, a nice vacation or even a proper country until you know where you are and have reasonahly dependable maps available to all.

Mapless life in the Golden West came to general attention in the late 1840s, following the Mexican War. In this engagement Zachary Taylor, Winfield

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Scott, Ulysses Grant, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and a lot of their friends beat on our southern neighbors in the name of Manifest Destiny until the Mexicans said, "O.K., Uncle. You win. What do you want?" "We would like a lot of your land," the Americans answered. "What parts and how much?" said the Mexicans.

The question was a stumper. The armies of the two nations had been slaughtering each other for two years to determine the ownership of certain parcels of real estate, the extent and precise locations of which were a mystery. The peace commissioners had no alternative but to rely on old Spanish maps, for the most part fanciful when drawn a century or so earlier and updated only with geographic gossip contributed by those mountain men. They were the kind of thing used today as place mats in economy motels, crude diagrams dressed up with random cartoons of folk dancers, harvest workers and leaping deer. Unimpressed, the commissioners called a halt to negotiations while an officer of the U.S. Topographic Corps, William Emory, went into the field to find out how the land lay between El Paso and San Diego. Emory proved a brilliant technician as well as a man of strong geopolitical opinions. Often at odds with the peace commissioners, generals and politicians, he not only mapped the country but played a considerable role in deciding who was going to own which portions of it.

There was such general relief at finding out at last where Tucson was and who held taxing rights to Tijuana that there followed an upsurge of interest in getting decent maps for the rest of the country. Yet not until another war had been fought did the period of the great surveys begin. By the late 1860s four ambitious reconnaissance parties were in the field. Army topographers, commanded by Lieut. George Wheeler, were in the Southwest among cacti and Apaches extending and consolidating Emory's work. John Wesley Powell, the one-armed Civil War veteran who would conquer the Grand Canyon, was sorting out the intricacies of the Colorado Plateau supported by private donations and small grants from government agencies. Clarence King, a well-connected Yale graduate, was surveying from California eastward along the 40th parallel under the auspices of the Army. Ferdinand Hayden, a physician turned free-lance explorer, had parlayed his gift for raising Congressional appropriations into a mapping expedition for Nebraska, the Dakotas and Wyoming.

The four survey chiefs were exceptionally competent. They not only drew their maps but brought along geologists, agronomists, biologists and anthropologists who contributed to the reports. These parties conducted the first systematic inventory of Western lands and resources, and in doing so made an immensely important contribution to future development and prosperity. However, each of the four surveyors thought very well of himself, and they quarreled incessantly, poached on each other's territories and duplicated much work. The competition became something of a public scandal, and was settled only by an act of Congress that knocked heads together and, in 1879, created the U.S. Geological Survey, a Department of the Interior agency that thereafter coordinated all mapping activities.

In its 95 years the Survey has picked up a variety of additional functions: research operations in geochemistry, geology, geophysics and hydrology; inventorying and conserving national water resources; the supervision of mining, gas and oil development on federal lands. But its first order of business obviously was to map the considerable tracts of the United States still uncharted in 1880 and to bring together existing maps and correlate them in a national cartographic matrix. Currently all of the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, is covered by a series of 1:250,000-scale topographic quadrangle maps. Each is a one-degree-by-two-degree (latitude and longitude) rectangle encompassing between 4,500 and 8,500 square miles, depending upon its position relative to the equator. The one-inch-to-four-miles scale of the 250s, a recent series, makes them useful guides to comparatively large areas. (Common road maps generally have a one-inch-to-10-miles scale.) However, their scale is too small for precision topographic study. Therefore, work has been carried forth on two additional series of topos, which, combined, cover about 86% of the country. They are the 15s and the 7½s. Each 15 covers a 15-by-15-minute quad, or about one mile to one inch. The 7½s logically are 7½-by-7½-minute quadrangles. These exquisite maps portray between 50 and 70 square miles of land at a 1:24,000, or one-inch-to-2,000-foot scale. (Close to 60% of the United States has been reduced to 7½ quads.)

Along with its basic topographic job, the Survey has branched off into special mapping projects, distributing maps concerned with earthquakes, geology, tides, soil composition, vegetation, sunshine, temperature, rainfall, mineral and energy resources, American history, population distribution, per capita income, time zones and administrative districts. These maps and many more are published in the *National Atlas*, one of the most useful (765 maps), heftiest (14 pounds) and least known (in part because it costs $100) of all federal reference volumes. The Survey is also into what might be called exotic mapping, involving itself, along with other agencies, in the mapping of Antarctica, the moon and Mars. (The aforementioned Hack, who first introduced me to topographic maps, is in fact Robert J. Hackman. Among other accomplishments he is the Survey scientist who led the team that compiled the first engineering geologic map of the moon.)

Fancy and exotic maps aside, the bread-and-butter product of the Survey is the 7½-minute series. These maps owe their preeminence to several factors, principally accuracy. According to standards adopted in 1941, 90% of all points on a 7½ quad must be placed within one-fiftieth of an inch accuracy tolerance. In terrain terms this means that wherever you are, you can expect to orient yourself on a map with no more than 40 feet of error. In fact, most Geological Survey maps published in the last 15 years are much more accurate than the 1941 standards require.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about the 7½s is the wealth of detail they contain. By a combination of symbols and color codes such features as woodlands, orchards, pastures, swamps, sinks, glaciers, dunes, intermittent streams, rapids and springs are depicted. In rural, village, small-town and suburban areas, buildings down to individual dwellings and barns are indicated. In metropolitan areas where architectural features are so numerous and bulldozers

continued

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so active, the structure references are less dependable. Roads from interstates down to old logging trails and footpaths appear, as do schools, churches, cemeteries, dams, footbridges, mine shafts, gravel pits, power and fence lines and federal, state, county, township, range and section boundaries.

Beyond being exceedingly accurate and detailed, topographic maps are three-dimensional, that is, they depict vertical as well as horizontal features. The thin brown contour lines give a clear profile of the land, indicating ravines, gulches, canyons, flats, slopes, cliffs, hilltops and mountain peaks.

No customer-by-customer record is kept of who purchases the 10 million USGS maps sold each year. Nevertheless, Survey publicists will produce a list of the kinds of people they believe use their maps. It is as encompassing as an index of potential careers given to high school sophomores by conscientious guidance counselors, ranging from archaeologists to zoologists, with everything from cops to butterfly collectors in between. Except for the few people who want to decorate dens with maps, the consumers are people who for one reason or another want to use the land. Informally, Survey spokesmen estimate that land users in the highway, miner and developer class constitute the largest single group of map buyers.

In recent years recreationists rank second. Hunters often use topos, and at least one obsessed golfer buys them before venturing out on unfamiliar courses. However, topos are more often used to find some *thing*—a shelter cave, a primitive campsite, springs, swimming holes, trails, crags where peregrine falcons might nest, collectible rocks, good scenery or just isolation. As a rule topos do not show underwater contours, though in larger bodies of inland water selected depth readings will be indicated. But many fishermen who frequent large manmade lakes in the South and Southwest have found that by obtaining topos drawn before the impoundments were made (which the Survey will supply in Photostat form if available), they can determine the contours of the land before it was flooded. Thus they have a relatively good idea of where many of the holes, channels, banks and bars still exist under the water.

If you are looking for a whitetail, a bass or a campsite, it can be exciting to find the animal or site more or less by luck in the process of floundering about the countryside. However, it is more exciting to give some thought to the matter, decide where the thing *should* be and then go to the place and find it. By way of example: several of us were interested in finding northern water shrews in the central Appalachians. The water shrew is a handsome, small, black and white beast, something like a miniature (six-inch) otter. It hangs about ponds, lakes and swift streams, feeding on smaller aquatic creatures and is moderately common from New York state north into Canada. But beginning in Pennsylvania it abruptly becomes rare, even though there are many places in the highlands that seem to offer the same climate, vegetation and food sources the animal prefers in the northerly parts of its range.

First we thrashed about unsuccessfully in central Pennsylvania, looking where others had collected shrews. By and by what amounted to a convention of water-shrew hunters was called (the group fit comfortably in a Howard Johnson's restaurant booth) and decided on a more systematic plan. We went through old issues of the *Journal of Mammalogy*, noting places where the animal had been collected (about a dozen localities from mid-Pennsylvania south). We then found these sites on 7½ quads, and from the maps abstracted additional information—elevation, surrounding flora, types of water—eventually coming up with a composite description of water-shrew habitat. Studying topos of central Pennsylvania, we looked for a place that resembled our composite, settling on a small stream in Huntingdon County. While we were at it we picked out a woods road and trail route that would bring us to the stream we had picked. The roads worked, and on the second day we trapped a northern water shrew, the first ever found in that area. The trophy of this hunt, the most pleasurable I have ever made, rests in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh.

It may be a private enthusiasm, but I find topos a good tonic for ennui. In restless moods or tedious times some people window-shop, look through seed catalogs or travel brochures. I resort to topos. Very shortly I am soothed, for I find and begin thinking about box canyons, glaciers and villages beyond the roads. It was in such a way, half a dozen years ago, that on a map I came across a spot above the Arctic Circle, a peninsula jutting out into Great Bear Lake called the Scented Grass Hills. It seemed to me that I would be a better and happier man if I could sleep at least one night in a place called the Scented Grass Hills. Inspired, I began thinking about the far north, and in consequence have since gone to the Arctic three times, bushwhacking. Various cover stories have been given for these trips, but the real reason is the Scented Grass Hills. I have yet to get within 300 miles of them, but I know my time will come.

Under certain circumstances (say, propped against a log, just the right distance from a fire), topographic maps are a stimulating form of literature. There are few more pleasant ways to study American history than to read map names. Along the Atlantic Seaboard there are Essex, Suffolk, Dover, Lancaster, York, Virginia, Carolina, New Sweden, New Holland, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey—all obviously given by lonely, nostalgic people who were European in everything but location and were still looking back over their shoulders to the east. The mood and nomenclature distinctly change at the Appalachians, and from there west the names become a kind of American folk journal describing and commenting on local phenomena and news, good and bad: Warrior Run, Dead Indian Spring, Hungry Mother, French Broad, Jerk 'Em Tight, Sweetwater, Fairplay, Double Adobe, Brewery Gulch, Wounded Knee, Hangtown, Sunnyside, Tombstone, Apache Wells, Truth or Consequences. The names alone give taste and sustenance to the imagination.

In the old days people spontaneously named what they found—in anger, passion, laughter. Nowadays the naming process is more formal, if not yet sterilized. An interdepartmental agency, the Board on Geographic Names, established by federal law, standardizes names for federal use. To be sure, there are fewer places being named than there were a century ago, but the board, which does not dream up names, merely approves them, continues to keep busy. For example, there are vast areas in the West and

continued



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Alaska that still suffer from name shortages, and even in more urban areas Pine Knob may suddenly be rechristened Golden Mountain Estates. In general the board goes along with local usage and the desires of local residents. However, no geographic feature in the 50 states can be named for a living person. The dead-man-only restriction at first glance appears arbitrary, but I would guess it has justified itself by keeping our maps from reading like a directory of political campaign contributors.

Derogatory names have presented the board with some sticky problems, names like Jap Canyon and Nigger Ben Hill, of which our national maps once had many examples. Early in the Kennedy Administration the derogatory name crisis was brought to the attention of Stewart Udall, then Secretary of Interior, who decided something had to be done about maps that bad-mouthed citizens and voters. Dutifully the board began cleaning things up, substituting names like Negro Ben Hill. Well-intentioned as it was, this effort may already have been made obsolete by usage. It is now being suggested that Black Ben Hill would be more appropriate.

The board chooses to turn a blind eye toward unseemly or just plain risque names, preferring to let local option and conscience prevail. For example, until recently there was a place in Oregon known as Whorehouse Meadow. But when a Survey fieldman came across it the threat of seeing that name in print caused pause on the part of local residents, and it appears on current maps as Naughty Girl Meadow. Similarly, SOB Creek, Wash. ended up as Sob Creek. (At last report, however, the S O B Rapids were still flowing in Utah.) Unfortunately, that fine old Arizona landmark, The Nipple, has become College Peak despite the fact that Nellies (Calif.), Mollies (Utah), Susies (Idaho) and Sadies (Utah) Nipple survive. "Evidently Women's Lib has not picked up on some of these names," notes Donald Orth, the mild and studious man who serves as the board's executive secretary.

One need go no farther than the Geological Survey parking lot to find an exceptionally fine example of topographic bowdlerism. After years occupying scattered offices in downtown Washington, the Survey recently moved to a building in Reston, Va., a few contour lines [illegible] away from Dulles International Airport. In the course of things it was discovered that a small stream ran past the new offices. It would not do to have an obvious topographic feature existing in anonymity virtually on the Survey's doorstep, and so the name Whiskey Barrel Run was proposed. Then, as things will be done in Washington, somebody in authority decided that the new building should not stand on the banks of a stream so coarsely named. The board decided on Stave Run as a colorful yet inoffensive name for the watercourse. But in making the change on the master map, a copying error occurred. Until the next edition, the headquarters of the United States Geological Survey will be located on Stare Run.

In 1955, in a fit of pique, I quit a steady job with what is sometimes called a future and decided to be a wandering journalist. It was an exhilarating time, but one in which everything save exhilaration was a rarity in a household that included two infants. One day a canoeist called to say that if a few of us clubbed together, each member could get a complete set of topos covering the white-water streams in the eastern United States. We could take advantage of the Survey's wholesale price, then 30¢ a map. Of course I wanted to be counted in. It was only when the enormous bundle of 250 maps, accompanied by a bill for $75, was delivered that I stopped to consider how much white water there is between Georgia and Maine.

There followed a domestic crisis. We paid for the maps by giving up cigarettes and movies and cutting back on the kids' mashed plums. For many years thereafter topo map was our code word for fiscal irresponsibility and an extravagant view of life. But since those days one or the other of us has paddled, hiked, ridden, spelunked and camped in most of the land depicted by those very dear quadrangles. The maps are now water-soaked, dirt-streaked, covered with cryptic notes: "water shrew 10 10 61," "syphon cave rope," "NB high water flipped Cantwell," "$\frac{1}{4}$ + spring," "hawk watch," "JD Anderson okay get gate key," "4WD only." Extravagant as those maps may have been, they are also the record of some extravagant pleasures. END

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Memorabilia

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

A MILLION MUSEUM MEMENTOS IS THE BARGAIN AT JOEL PLATT'S PLACE

Before the cost of ignorance jumps as high as the price of your morning eggs, there is this to know about sports memorabilia:

• The Polo Grounds home plate that Bobby Thomson crossed after hitting his home run in the 1951 playoff is not in the baseball Hall of Fame. Neither is the Boston Braves' uniform Babe Ruth wore when he hit the last three home runs of his career.

• The contract that Bronko Nagurski signed to play for the Chicago Bears in 1934 is not in the football Hall of Fame. Neither are Pudge Heffelfinger's Yale pants and pads.

• William (Lone Star) Dietz' baby curls from his first haircut are not in Los Angeles' Citizen's Savings (née Helms) Athletic Foundation Hall. Gene Tunney's "long count" gloves were not among the keepsakes Jack Dempsey took home when he closed his New York City restaurant last month. And Muhammad Ali's 1960 Olympic Games sweatshirt is neither hurled forever like his former name, nor is it being mass-reproduced in order to hype that hoped-for $10 million purse.

All of these things—along with more than one million similar items—are sitting in the lower level of a house on Orion Drive in a suburb of Pittsburgh. They belong to Joel Platt, the self-styled "King of the Collectors." But, as Platt is the first to agree in the case of his dazzling accumulation of baseball bats, boxing gloves, hockey sticks, football helmets, golf clubs, team uniforms, pictures, trophies, letters, medals and every other form of athletic minutiae, a house is not a proper home for such treasures.

This is not any ordinary run-of-the-mill conglomeration of junk Platt has down there filling up eight rooms. He has spent 31 of his 35 years collecting his memorabilia, traveling the country and accosting famous athletes and/or their relatives to acquire the goods. Platt has more than 20,000 autographed pictures, 15,000 programs, hundreds of pieces of sports equipment dating back to 1865. He has one room lined with racks of autographed baseballs. It is called The Ballroom. Along the way to acquiring these mementos, Platt has also latched onto a dream.

It is Platt's idea to use his vast collection as a nucleus in the establishment of a "Sports Immortals Museum." This would be a national shrine similar to the Citizen's Savings Hall but, as Platt puts it, "without the dull, musty atmosphere of most museums.

"My museum would provide the nation with the most extensive and imaginative displays of sports memorabilia ever assembled," Platt says. "Audio-visual displays, wax figures of the stars, voice tapes of athletes describing their great performances, IQ computer quizzes, movies depicting classical moments in sports, a restaurant, motel and theater complex. Most museums don't live or breathe. The Sports Immortals Museum would come alive right before your very eyes.

"This project is no longer just me. I promised the people who gave me their mementos that they would be in a museum one day. And Joel Platt keeps his promises."

Platt routinely lapses into such euphoria when discussing his grand plan. But most of his efforts to attract state, foundation or private-corporation funding have fallen on deaf ears.

Representatives of the legislatures of North Carolina and Oklahoma have expressed interest in the museum, but only as an adjunct to a sportswriters and broadcasters hall of fame or a Jim Thorpe memorial. Disney World has also investigated, but found that Platt's collection is "too good" for its site in Orlando, Fla. "Their problem isn't getting people," says Platt, "It's moving them. They told me that people wouldn't want to move out of the sports museum once they got inside of it."

Recent developments have evoked some optimism, however. A prominent oral surgeon who visited Platt's collection not long ago came away stunned; he suggested the $70 million federally funded Raystown Dam Project area near Altoona, Pa. as an ideal site and promised to seek federal aid to that end. Two months ago a Pittsburgh city councilman called on the local citizenry to save "this treasure" from leaving their midst.

Such reactions to the magic of Platt's downstairs' extravaganza are not untypical. The former Duquesne baseball player keeps telling people, "You won't believe what you're going to see," and he is pretty much right. If the sheer volume of mementos isn't enough to stagger the imagination, the historical importance and nostalgic charm of many items surely are. At least that seems to be the effect the memorabilia has on Pirate Pitcher Dock Ellis, who says he would like to sit in the Platt rooms prior to each pitching assignment "just to get psyched up bathing in nostalgia."

Space limitations force the collection into jumbled disarray in Platt's basement, but that did not prevent Carl Scheele, chairman of the Smithsonian Institution, from recognizing its value. "It is difficult to convince my people in Washington that such an enormous collection exists in somebody's residence," Scheele says. "President Ford should be made aware of it."

Platt, who describes himself as "just a jock's jock," originally became interested in collecting sports items at the age of four when he was injured in a gas-tank explosion and almost burned to death. Bedridden for nearly two years, he amused himself with the hundreds of baseball and football cards his parents brought home.

Platt's father, an inveterate boxing fan who was in the vending-machine business in Pittsburgh, went 30 years without missing a major heavyweight championship fight. Once, at a baseball game, Platt senior spotted Heavyweight Ezzard Charles and suggested that his son ask for an autograph. With that encouragement, Little Joel was off and collecting. He staked out local hotels where visiting football and baseball teams stayed. Later he made out-of-town forays to obtain

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athletes' signatures and whatever other mementos they would sacrifice.

Through all of this, the young Platt found time to become an outstanding shortstop. His big-league ambitions were terminated by an arm injury suffered while playing at Duquesne. Long before then, he already had become a major-leaguer in amassing mementos.

When Platt was 16, he made a trip to New York and located the apartments of Mrs. Babe Ruth and Mrs. John McGraw. Boldly he marched to their doors, introduced himself and announced his plans to build a sports museum someday. To Mrs. Ruth he presented a wooden ashtray he had carved to resemble the Babe. She in turn came across with a bat and plaque. Mrs. McGraw furnished a unique autograph—her husband's canceled check made out in 1923 to the Internal Revenue Service for an amount of more than $4,000.

Enough "bonanza trips," of this type, as he calls them, soon followed that Platt became convinced he had a sound formula: encounter the quarry unannounced. "If I call ahead or write that I'm coming, people have a way of avoiding me," Platt says. "If I get them eyeball-to-eyeball and they see the sincerity in what I'm doing, they believe in me."

Seeing Platt's wife Marcia eyeball-to-eyeball also has been the clincher for some gifts, such as those acquired on a journey to the Lewisburg, Pa. home of Mrs. Christy Mathewson. Platt, by himself, was turned away at the door while the pitcher's aged widow was having tea, so when he returned an hour later he brought his wife along. This time Mrs. Mathewson was willing to read Platt's brochure and the story of his accidental burning. It evoked emotional memories of her own son who had died in a fiery crash. The Platts spent the day with Mrs. Mathewson and brought back, among other things, a cherished picture that Christy had autographed for his Bucknell fraternity brothers and a war medal Mrs. Mathewson had taken from her husband's chest as he was being lowered into the grave.

Platt no longer considers himself a mere collector, a species he describes as "bedbugs, generally lacking in the social graces and having innate personality defects." He thinks of himself more as a museum curator.

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His primary occupation is in real estate. He owns some buildings in downtown Pittsburgh and he has prospered enough to hire others to watch over his holdings while he indulges himself in the planning for the museum. Keeping up to date on new records, corresponding with teams' equipment managers for uniforms and autographs, and hustling the collection take most of his time.

Even a quick look at the basement rooms reveals a range from fascinating nostalgia to inconsequential trivia: Red Grange's No. 77 jersey and a Riva Ridge shoe; Jesse Owens' commemorative Olympic medals and Henry Armstrong's shoeshine brushes; Henry Aaron's Milwaukee Braves uniform and tickets to the Corbett-Sullivan fight in 1892.

Platt has a piece of wood chopped by Cy Young just hours before baseball's most prolific winner died of a heart attack, not to mention a picture of him chopping it. He has the only ball Curt Simmons ever hit for a home run; a photo of Edgar Allan Poe's second cousins wearing their Princeton football suits; a timing bell used in the bantamweight championship fight in 1912 between Kid Williams and Johnny Coulon at Doyles Arena in Vernon, Calif.; and a picture of the 1922 Oorang Indian team that went 2-6 in its only season in the NFL even though it featured such players as Stillwell Sanooke, Baptiste Thunder, Xavier Downwind and Jim Thorpe.

On a trip to California a few years ago Platt made the important contacts that have led to his fondest acquisitions, a wealth of memorabilia left by Thorpe. Earlier he had called on Thorpe's daughter, Grace, in Pearl River, N.Y. She had refused to come to the door. He had talked to hundreds of people in the Pennsylvania towns of Carlisle and Jim Thorpe for information on the great Sac and Fox Indian. Finally the trail led to Cabazon, Calif., where Thorpe's third wife, Patricia, was living in a trailer and caring for retarded indigents. That first visit and several subsequent ones failed to interest Mrs. Thorpe in contributing to the future museum. Then, out of the blue three years later, a telegram arrived on Orion Drive. It said simply, "Am confined to bed. Come and get Jim's things." Joel Platt did. Now all he needs is someplace to put them all so he can clean out his basement. **END**

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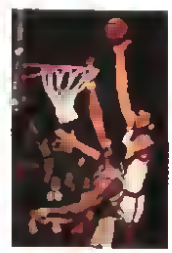
- Donny Anderson 14N44
- Lem Barney 6N20
- Fred Biletnikoff 9A25
- George Blanda 9A16
- Terry Bradshaw 13N12
- John Brockington 7N42
- Larry Brown 16N43
- Nick Buoniconti 7A85
- Dick Butkus S3N51
- Larry Csonka 7A39
- Mike Curtis 2N32
- Carl Eller 9N81
- Chuck Foreman 7N44
- Roman Gabriel S8N18
- Mike Garrett 10A20
- Joe Greene 13N75
- Bob Griese 7A12
- John Hadl 8N21
- Franco Harris 13N32
- Bob Hayes 5N22
- Calvin Hill 5N35
- Harold Jackson 8N29
- Charley Johnson 4A12
- Ron Johnson 11N30
- Sonny Jurgensen 16N9
- Leroy Kelly 4N44
- Billy Kilmer 16N17
- Ted Kwalick 15N82
- MacArthur Lane 7N36
- Willie Lanier 6A63
- Bob Lee 1N19
- Bob Lilly 5N74
- Floyd Little 4A44
- Spider Lockhart 11N43
- Archie Manning 10N8
- Mercury Morris 7A22
- Joe Namath S8A12
- Tommy Nobis 1N60
- Merlin Olsen 8N74
- Alan Page 9N88
- Dan Pastorini 5A7
- Mike Phipps 4N15
- Jim Plunkett 1A16
- Mike Reid 3A74
- John Riggins 8A44
- Charlie Sanders 6N88
- O J Simpson 2A36
- Bubba Smith 2N78
- Ken Stabler 9A12
- Roger Staubach 5N12
- Charley Taylor 16N42
- Otis Taylor 6A89
- Bob Tucker 11N38
- Paul Warfield 7A42
- Gene Washington 15N18
- Garo Yepremian 7A1
- Charles Young 12N86

Baseball

- Hank Aaron 1N1
- Aaron hits 715 HR1N1
- Johnny Bench 3N4
- Lou Brock 10N4
- Roberto Clemente 8N1
- Bob Gibson 10N43
- Reggie Jackson 9A3
- Willie Mays 6N2
- Pete Rose 3N1
- Ron Santo 4A4
- Tom Seaver 6N1
- Willie Stargell 8N4

Basketball

- Nate Archibald 18B1
- Dave Cowens 3B2
- Walt Frazier 9B2
- John Havlicek 3B1
- Connie Hawkins 14B42
- Spencer Haywood 15B24
- Julius Erving 17B1
- Kareem Abdul Jabbar 8B1



- Bob McAdoo 4B1
- Geoff Petrie 16B2
- Jerry West 7B2

Tennis

- Arthur Ashe 1T2
- Billie Jean King 1T5
- Rod Laver 1T1
- Stan Smith 1T4

Other Sports

- Olga Korbut 4J37
- Janet Lynn 1S1
- Johnny Miller 1G1
- Kyle Rote Jr 1SC1
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Yesterday

by A. D. LIVINGSTON

According to Cotton? Beaufort? Seymour? Jones? Foster? Morehead, Frey, Mott-Smith? No. "According to Hoyle" is the only phrase that rings with enough authority to settle countless irregularities in games of pinochle, gin rummy, canasta and even Scrabble. But the truth is that Edmond Hoyle wrote nothing whatever about these and many other modern games. In fact, he never even heard of most of them. How could he? Hoyle was born in England almost 300 years ago, and he died at least 50 years before the game of poker was invented.

Hoyle was an authority primarily on whist, a predecessor of modern bridge. He was probably educated for the law, but by 1741 he was giving lessons in whist from his quarters in Queen Square, London, in the manner of a music or dancing master. He wrote a text on the game, which he sold to his students in manuscript form for a guinea a copy. The demand for the text soon became so great that within a year Hoyle published it under the title *A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist*. It was an instant success, and Hoyle was quick to come forth with similar manuals on backgammon, piquet and quadrille. (His reputation as an authority on poker is pinned heavily on a treatise he did about a game called brag, which was a precursor of poker.) Eventually all these, together with the whist text, were brought together under the collective title *Mr. Hoyle's Games*. Hoyle saw the book through 14 editions during his lifetime, and a 15th was in progress when he died in 1769.

Far from being "compleat," *Hoyle's Games* bears little resemblance to the Hoyle books published today. Most of the modern ones are encyclopedic—some covering as many as 500 indoor games—and are patterned not so much on *Hoyle's Games* as on such compendiums as Charles Cotton's *Compleat Gamester* (published in 1674) and Richard Seymour's *The Court Gamester* (published around 1720). Hoyle did add chess to his later editions, and he wrote some related and ponderously titled works such as *An Essay Towards Making the Doctrine of Chances Easy to Those who*

ACCORDING TO HISTORY, THE ONLY GAME HOYLE KNEW WELL WAS WHIST

Understand the Vulgar Arithmetick only. But even his later editions were far different in both content and treatment from the modern Hoyle books. For example, he wasted no words on the elementary mechanics of whist (such as the number of players, the manner of the deal, the object of the game), whereas most of the modern books bearing his name contain almost nothing else.

Why, then, did the name Hoyle stick so strongly? There is no simple answer. The 18th century was a great age of whist and, if we may invert Lord Byron's line, whist owes to Hoyle what Troy owes to Homer. Hoyle was Mr. Whist of his day. Of course, the game was known even earlier. Alexander Pope and others had mentioned it in their writings, and, almost 100 years before the reign of Hoyle, Charles Cotton had written, "Every child of eight years hath a competent knowledge of this game." But it was Edmond Hoyle who raised whist from a childish pastime to a disciplined intellectual pursuit to be enjoyed by adults.

Hoyle was, in fact, the first man to write seriously about card games and was the first to apply to them the theories of probability. (He should be remembered more for his contributions to probability theory, or at least for the popularization of it, than for formulating laws of games, of which he did very little.) Hoyle was indebted to the theories of Abraham de Moivre, an exiled French mathematician who supplemented his income by hiring himself out as a consultant on gambling and insurance. In any event, Hoyle's fame grew from his calculations of whist problems and from the seriousness with which he approached the subject.

The times were right, too. England prospered. London bustled. There was money and there was leisure. Whist became a favorite pastime and topic for discussion in the coffeehouses and chocolate houses to which the intellectual renascence of the 18th century has been credited. Word of mouth has always been one of the best forms of advertising for an author, and Hoyle published during the heyday of bookish talk and gossip, what with Boswell chronicling the rakish peregrinations of Johnson and the gallivanting Casanova rolling high wherever he went.

Almost immediately Hoyle's treatise on whist inspired a number of satires, which furthered the master's reputation immensely. One of these satires was a skit called *The Humours of Whist*, in which Professor Whiston was a caricature of Hoyle. In a prologue a character says:

If who will believe that Man could e'er exist,
Who spent near half an Age in studying Whist?
Grew gray with Calculation—Labour hard!
As if Life's Business center'd in a Card!

Along with the rise of whist came a number of exclusive clubs devoted to the playing of the game in London. White's was one of the more famous, and Hoyle helped draw up its code of whist laws. The stories and the entries recorded in White's *Betting Book* are downright scandalous. The following quote from L. J. Ludovici's *The Itch for Play* gives an indication of the kind of money that could be at stake on the fall of a card. "In February 1775 Sir John Bland frittered away his entire fortune at White's playing Hazard; while General Scott, father-in-law of George Canning, is reputed to have won £200,000, 'thanks to notorious sobriety and to his knowledge of whist.'"

That Hoyle was taken as seriously in the private homes as in the coffeehouses and clubs is made clear by Fielding's *Tom Jones*, published in 1749, seven years after Hoyle first gave his treatise to the world. "... but when you hear what hath happened this evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable. I happened to come home several hours be-

continued



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fore my usual time, when I found four gentlemen of the cloth at whist by my fire; and my Hoyle, Sir—my best Hoyle, which cost me a guinea, lying open on the table, with a quantity of porter spilt on one of the most material leaves of the whole book. This, you will allow, was provoking. . . ."

All in all, it must be concluded that Hoyle's name stuck mainly because he made such a reputation for himself in the society of his day. And yet his 18th-century fame is not sufficient to explain why his authority holds today. None of his writings has survived except as collector's items. Almost nothing is known of his private life. No scholar is sure of the exact date, or the place, of his birth. No authenticated portrait has been found. Biographical books and magazine articles about him have not been published. He was the closest thing to a literary mystery man that his century produced.

It is indeed paradoxical that so little is known of this best-selling author of the 1700s even while his name has become a household word today. And his authority goes beyond games; even weddings and funerals have been conducted according to Hoyle. The name has embedded itself solidly in the fabric of the language.

The only humanizing story about Hoyle the man is that he wasn't a very good whist player. Some writers have called him third rate, and others have lowered him to the sorry ranks of the kibitzer. It is entirely probable that Hoyle did cadge from the better whist players of his time, and the successive editions of his text show marked improvements over the original. Anyhow, he can be forgiven for not being the best whist player in London or Bath. As Gerolamo Cardano pointed out in *The Book on Games of Chance* (written around 1520), knowledge about and skill in such pursuits are not necessarily one and the same. What Hoyle seems to have lacked in skill across the gaming table was more than made up for in knowledge and by the vigor of his prose on the subject of whist.

The Hoyle works present headaches for the bibliophile. The many editions and changes of title and missing publication dates are by themselves confusing enough, but the real problem is that from the outset his books were pirated in wholesale lots. If Hoyle came out with a new edition, the pirates immediately came out with a new one as well. They copied not only his matter but also his manner and even his book design. If Hoyle changed type, the pirates changed type. No sooner had Hoyle started signing his name to all authentic copies of his books than the pirates began forging it to theirs. When Hoyle's publisher also started signing the authentic copies, the pirates quickly followed suit.

Because of the many pirated editions, it is difficult today to tell a real Hoyle from a fake. There are few, if any, remaining copies of the original first edition. One at the Bodleian Library at Oxford is probably an original, but doubts have been voiced about even that one. The pirating continued long after Hoyle's death, and another form of freebooting quickly set in. Within a few years Charles Jones published *Hoyle's Games Improved*, by Charles Jones, and James Beaufort published *Hoyle's Games Improved*, by James Beaufort. The trend was set.

By 1900 dozens and dozens of books had appeared with Hoyle's name in the title. A Hoyle was published in America as early as 1860, and *The Standard Hoyle, a complete Guide upon all Games of Chance*, came out in New York during 1887. Also, a number of editions appeared in France, Germany and other countries. They continue to be published, too, year after year.

Use of the Hoyle name owes more to business reality than literary tradition. "Hoyle" sells books. Several authorities, some of whom were probably much more learned on games in general than Hoyle ever was, have tried unsuccessfully to buck the Hoyle mystique. R. F. Foster, an authority who reigned from 1880 to 1920, wrote a book called *Encyclopedia of Games*, but it did not sell until the title was changed to *Hoyle*. Ely Culbertson, Albert H. Morehead, Richard L. Frey and Geoffrey Mott-Smith are some of the modern authorities on indoor games, but their compendiums invariably carry the name Hoyle in the title.

For the past 20 years or so John Scarne has tried hard to replace "according to Hoyle", with "according to Scarne." He has failed, and the name Hoyle lives on. As Charles Goren has put it, "A card room without a Hoyle is like a hotel room without a Bible." **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 11-17

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Buffalo Captain Jim McMillian had an appendectomy, but with Jack Marin replacing Jimmy Mac the Braves extended their winning streak to seven to stay atop the Atlantic Division. K C -Omaha's lone victory came against Boston. The Celtics cried foul but the referee did not on an attempted layup by Jo Jo White in the waning seconds of that 110–109 Boston loss. The New York Knicks hit the open man, mainly Earl Monroe, in wins over Seattle and improved Cleveland. The Cavaliers, still playing at a heady 300 pace, dropped to third in the Central behind Washington and Houston. The Bullets, who toyed with the Kings 118–81, had a 2-1 week, while Houston, using substitutes liberally, stayed close with three wins. Mediocre Atlanta won two, lost two. The New Orleans Jazz notched a 102–101 win over Portland, its first of the season. The Jabbar-less Milwaukee Bucks were still lame, with an 0-4 week and 11 straight losses. Detroit turned Bob Lanier loose against the Bucks for 40 points and 24 rebounds in a 98–91 victory. Chicago had little trouble with Phoenix despite Charlie Scott's 26 points. Portland's Bill Walton dislocated a finger, but the Blazers won three out of four to reach 500. Blazer Guard Larry Steele, fittingly enough, tied a league record for steals with 10 against Los Angeles, but the Lakers ended a four-game losing spell with their 14th straight victory over Philadelphia. Still, Golden State, behind Rick Barry's hot hand, continued to pace the Pacific.

ABA The New York Nets like to think they are the class of the league, but two losses in five days to the Kentucky Colonels made that boast dubious. The Colonels, always offense-minded, used good defense, too, in a 132–129 double-overtime victory. That was an ego booster for Kentucky, which opened a three-game lead in the East over the defending champs. The Nets had another setback against Utah. Ron Boone hit 15 of 20 shots in that 109–98 victory, and the Stars climbed to third place in the West. Indiana fell to last, even though the Pacers yielded practically no offensive boards to the Spirits of St. Louis and won that game, its only victory of the week, 117–109. Denver, out in front in the West, trounced San Diego twice. The Memphis Sounds tripped San Antonio in overtime on a tip-in by Mel Daniels, but the Spurs beat hapless Virginia to hand the Squires their seventh straight loss.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL The Los Angeles Rams failed to clinch a playoff berth, losing 20–7 to New Orleans, as the Saints' Archie Manning threw two touchdown passes and directed a wide-open offense. But Oakland all but clinched in the AFC West, defeating San Diego 17–10, and Washington strengthened its chances of being the NFC's wild card by stopping Dallas 28–21. Miami finally took over first place in the AFC East, jumping to a 14–0 lead over Buffalo, falling back into a tie, then winning 35–28 in the last 19 seconds. The New York Jets upset New England 21–16 behind two Joe Namath touchdown passes, while Baltimore, with Lydell Mitchell dashing for 151 yards, beat Atlanta 17–7. San Francisco snapped its seven-game losing streak by trouncing Chicago 34–0. Pittsburgh widened its lead in the AFC Central by beating Cleveland 26–16, with Roy Gerela kicking four field goals, and Cincinnati lost to Houston again, 20–3. Minnesota was upset by Green Bay 19–7 (*page 28*), but St. Louis held on to first in the NFC East, beating Philadelphia 13–3. Errol Mann's field goal with two seconds left gave Detroit a 20–19 win over the New York Giants.

WFL The playoff situation. Originally it was to be an eight-team affair with the first two in each division assured a berth, and the other two spots going to the two with the next best records. Eight of the 12 clubs were thus assured a playoff chance. Then Detroit and Jacksonville folded, which meant that only two of the remaining teams would miss the playoffs. Then Chicago said it wouldn't play anymore, and it began to look as though woeful Shreveport would be the only team not in postseason action. Then a team official said there would be no playoffs at all and that Memphis, 17-3, would be declared champion. Then John Bassett, the Memphis president, said he wanted to play, and that his team would meet the winner of Florida vs. Birmingham. Southern California, the best in the West, was excluded altogether, but as the Sun ended the WFL season with a 27–24 loss to Florida, the Californians said they wanted to be part of a playoff, too. On Sunday the Sun, the Hawaiians and Philadelphia were all included, bringing the number of playoff teams back to six. Tune in next week.

HARNESS RACING—ARMBRO OMAHA ($6), driven by Billy Haughton, won his fifth $100,000 event, the L. K. Shapiro Stakes for 3-year-old pacers, at Hollywood Park. He covered the mile in 1:56⅘, a career and race record.

HOCKEY NHL The Los Angeles Kings' 10-game unbeaten streak came to a halt when Chicago defeated the Norris Division leaders 2–1. It was only the second loss for the Kings this season. Despite the big win, the Black Hawks did not close the gap in the Smythe Division between themselves and Vancouver, which won three and tied the Kings once. Buffalo's 10-game unbeaten string also ended, in a 7–5 loss to Boston, but the Sabres maintained their lead over the Bruins in the Adams Division by scoring 21 goals in three triumphs, ramming eight past Montreal's Ken Dryden (*page 24*). The Canadiens thumped Washington 11–1 and tied the New York Rangers on a goal by Serge Savard with 24 seconds left. The Rangers remained in last place in the Patrick Division behind the New York Islanders. Atlanta moved a point closer to first-place Philadelphia in the Patrick, helping itself by playing a 2–2 tie with the powerful Flyers, who later lost to St. Louis. Pittsburgh and Detroit continued to fight for third place in the Norris. Struggling Kansas City won twice but was still last in the Smythe, well behind Minnesota. Toronto lost a couple but beat California to keep the Seals in the Adams cellar.

WHA The Canadian Division continued to be the tightest of the three, with Toronto holding on to first ahead of Quebec and Winnipeg. The Toros won a pair but were upended by Edmonton, which edged past Vancouver and out of last place. The Oilers also hurt Winnipeg's chances of moving up after a 5–3 win over the Jets. New England was still way out in front in the East despite one-sided losses to Houston (6–1) and Phoenix (6–3). The West-leading Aeros put space between themselves and San Diego by winning three, and the Roadrunners' upset of the Whalers kept them ahead of Minnesota and Michigan. In the East, Indianapolis dropped to third behind Cleveland after the Crusaders took a couple of tough ones, including an overtime win over Phoenix. Chicago remained a distant last.

HORSE RACING—AUGUSTUS BAY ($31), an 8-year-old gelding, came from the middle of the field at the final jumps to capture the $50,000 Colonial Cup, the richest steeplechase in America, by eight lengths, at Camden, S.C.

CORAGGIOSO ($8) met with interference in the stretch but earned first money through a disqualification in the $55,500 1¼-mile Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct. Favorite Poker Night, which caused the trouble and was placed second, was retired from competition after the race.

CRAFTY KHALE ($30) won the $58,150 Stuyvesant Handicap by half a length at Aqueduct. Favored Stop the Music was second.

HORSE SHOW—The U.S. team, with a perfect performance, triumphed over France, Britain and Canada in the Nations Cup at Madison Square Garden (*page 30*).

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS became $12,000 richer by beating Brian Gottfried 6–2, 7–6 in the finals of the Dewar's Cup at Royal Albert Hall in London. Connors has now earned $215,000 this year. VIRGINIA WADE defeated her Wightman Cup rival Julie Heldman 7–6, 6–2 in the women's final and collected $2,880.

MILEPOSTS—BANNED All foreign teams from the Little League World Series, held annually in Williamsport, Pa. Taiwan had won the past four years.

BORN To SECRETARIAT, 1973 Triple Crown winner, and LLOLA, an Appaloosa broodmare, a chestnut colt, his first foal, at Sabaptin Farm in Winona, Minn.

EARNED Each member of the World Champion Oakland A's, $22,219.09. The losing Los Angeles Dodgers each received $15,703.97.

NAMED As Most Valuable Player in the National League, STEVE GARVEY, Los Angeles Dodger first baseman. Garvey outpolled St. Louis Cardinal Lou Brock 270 to 233.

RESIGNED WEEB EWBANK, 67, as vice-president of the New York Jets, effective at the end of this season. Ewbank coached the Baltimore Colts for nine seasons and the New York Jets for 11 before retiring as coach after last season.

DIED JOHNNY MACK BROWN, 70, star halfback at Alabama in the 1920s, later a successful Hollywood actor, in Woodland Hills, Calif. In the 1926 Rose Bowl game Brown caught touchdown passes of 61 and 30 yards as the Crimson Tide beat Washington 20–19.

DIED JIMMY PHELAN, 81, football coach at Washington from 1930 to 1941, in Honolulu. Phelan also coached Purdue, Missouri and St. Mary's of California and three pro clubs—the Los Angeles Dons, New York Yanks and Dallas Texans.

CREDITS

28, 29—Neil Leifer. 30—Alex Gotodolin. Kay Reese & Associates. 38—Herb Schorfman. Monty Milton. 58, 60—Illustration by David Noyes. 92—John D. Hanlon. 102, 105—Roy DeCarava. 108—Michael Philip Manheim. 114—Press Association.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOE TRISZCZUK, a junior at Bucknell University, scored 14 goals in three tournament games at Yale to lead his water polo team to its first Eastern Intercollegiate Championship. He had 34 goals in the regular season, during which Bucknell was 12-0.



KIMBERLY WEST, a sophomore at Central Catholic High in Wheeling, W. Va., who had been cited for earlier fitness feats by President Ford, completed 1,225 consecutive sit-ups before she was stopped by her instructor. The next best effort in the class was 400.



CAREY PINKOWSKI and **RUDY CHAPA,** of Hammond (Ind.) High School, crossed the finish line together in winning the Indiana state cross-country championship. Their time of 11:59.8 for the 2½-mile course at South Grove Golf Course in Indianapolis broke the meet record of 12:13 set last year by Pinkowski. In two seasons of cross-country and one of track, Pinkowski, a senior, and Chapa, a junior, have lost only to each other, and this cross-country season they broke the course record in every race they ran. Pinkowski has recorded a 4:12 mile, Chapa a 4:11.





WILLIE MILLER, a 27-year-old flanker at Colorado State, caught 41 passes for 901 yards and nine touchdowns in his team's first nine games. Miller, who won a Silver Star in Vietnam, leads the nation in average yards per catch, 22, and holds every CSU receiving record.



MIKE VIRTS, a Jefferson, Md. dairy farmer, won the National Jousting tournament held on the grounds of the Washington Monument. Virts, the Maryland champion, defeated former national and state titlists to gain his second consecutive national victory.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ADDITIONS TO THE LEGEND

Sir,

While reading the account of Muhammad Ali's upset victory over George Foreman (*Breaking a Date for the Dance*, Nov. 11), I felt that here was something more than a sports article. George Plimpton's superb literary offering created a vivid scenario of the prefight ministrations, the fight itself and its aftermath.

When finally I get to see the fight on TV, I'm sure I'll feel as if I've "seen" it all before, thanks to the excellence that has always been an inherent quality of Plimpton's reporting.

JEFF CALDER

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

George Plimpton did his typical spectacular job. That was indeed a great day for Ali, a great day for boxing, a great day for sport and a great day for humanity. It does my heart good, in this time of random experience and uncertainty, to know that a Romantic Classicist like Ali can achieve greatness. He is truly the people's champ, whether Archie Moore thinks so or not.

DENNIS CORRIGAN

St. Louis

Sir:

Your well-written article on Muhammad Ali discusses thoroughly the fight itself and all the related activities in Zaire before and after it. Nonetheless, it seems to me you have missed the significance of Ali's tremendous victory. While briefly alluding to the fact that Ali's crown was unjustly stolen more than seven years ago, your article fails to cover extensively the uphill struggle that Ali has gone through. The boxing establishment and a vast majority of the power-wielding public made it as difficult as possible for Ali to regain the title that was rightfully his. And yet Ali was able to overcome adversity in order to obtain his goal. Ali is undoubtedly the most interesting, clever and unpredictable sports figure in the world.

BRIAN WOLFMAN

Philadelphia

Sir:

Isn't it funny how some things work out? When Joe Frazier beat Ali in their first fight, your cover headline read "End of the Ali Legend." Now it looks as if that fight was only the beginning.

GLENN SWEENEY

Huntington Beach, Calif.

GETTING IT ACROSS

Sir:

I appreciate your fine view of cross-country (*In France It's Le Cross-Country*, Nov. 11). I have never before seen an article that told what this often overlooked sport is really like. Those five drawings by Sempé summed up the loneliness, humor and pain characteristic of cross-country running.

GEORGE O'HANLON

East Point, Ga.

Sir:

I noticed that on the first pages of the article, No. 9 has just jumped the waterhole and seems to be in fairly good position. On the next two pages, No. 9 is fighting for last place (with a dog that does not even look tired), and in the final illustration, at the bottom, No. 9 is rejoicing as if he has won the race. Strong finish, I presume.

MARK WHITELEY

Warwick, R.I.

ERIE'S SAVIOR

Sir:

I have lived in the Buffalo area all my life and never considered going swimming or fishing in Lake Erie (*Rebirth of a "Dead" Lake*, Nov. 4). A short stroll *on* the lake would have been more appropriate. Stanley Spisiak is to be commended for his efforts in restoring these waters. No tribute is too great for a man who, through his personal efforts, has done what Spisiak has.

JEFFREY SPRIEGEL

Kenmore, N.Y.

AT THE HEAD

Sir:

Congratulations to Dan Levin and Eric Schweikardt on a superb job of capturing in words and pictures the color and spirit of the Head of the Charles regatta (*Revel of Oars and Shells*, Nov. 11). The "Head" is a great rowing spectacle.

HARRY PARKER

Winchester, Mass.

Sir:

The pictures and article bring on chills. It was my first "Head" and Dan Levin caught the mood of it perfectly.

What Levin failed to mention is that not only is the Head a test of an oarsman's endurance, it is also the test of a coxswain's skill. The winding turns, narrow bridges and crowded river brought on more collisions than a traffic circle.

I hope this article will help promote the growth of crew here in D.C., and maybe next year I'll be at the Head again.

ED COHEN

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I enjoyed your article. However, I would like to point out that the lightweight fours was not the only mixed event. Dallas Abbott (MIT '74) and I (MIT '76) rowed in the pairs race against all-men's boats. Our purpose was not to compete for a winning position, as I weigh 110 pounds and Dallas 130. Instead, we hoped to set a precedent so that next year the Head of the Charles would include a separate pairs event for women.

ROSLANNA MEANS

Cambridge, Mass.

IN PURSUIT OF GROUSE

Sir:

As a hunter who is tired of reading about the evils of hunting, I thank you for the fine article by Jim Harrison (*Marching to a Different Drummer*, Nov. 4). He did a marvelous job of capturing the feeling one gets when pursuing grouse.

PETER K. LAWTON

Doylestown, Pa.

Sir:

Having lived only a few miles from the Manistee River all my life, I especially enjoyed Jim Harrison's story. He clearly depicted the beauty and pageantry of grouse hunting in the northern Michigan woods. I know well the thrill and excitement of shooting a grouse on the fly, and the frustration of coming home with an empty bag.

DOUG FRY

Kalkaska, Mich.

A PECK OF PICKLES

Sir:

As usual, I enjoyed Kenny Moore's writing style in his recent article concerning the Aerobics Center and Dr. Kenneth Cooper (*A Run for Their Money*, Nov. 4). However, one statement attributed to me was somewhat misinterpreted. In the paragraph where I say that three out of five patients I see have hypertension, I did not exactly make the statement that all the salt "a man needs in a year" is contained in one dill pickle. What I had intended to say, and evidently this was misheard, was that if you ate a dill pickle every day, that would be all the salt you would need for one year. One dill pickle of medium size contains about 1.4 grams of sodium, and the average amount that a person consumes is in the neighborhood of one to three grams per day. It is a well-known fact that the average American consumes 15 pounds of salt per year. This excessive salt intake is felt by many to be one of the prime reasons we lead the world in the number of cases of hypertension.

RANDOLPH P. MARTIN, M.D.

Dallas

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